The Outlook

VOLUME 92 JULY 31, 1909 NUMBER 14

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS FIVE CENTS
MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH) FIFTEEN CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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Chicago Office, Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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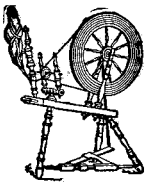

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The Outlook

JULY 31, 1909

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
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MEN AS BIRDS FLYING

Last week was marked by progress in several quarters in the conquest of the air. At Fort Myer, the army post near Washington, Orville Wright made a new record for aeroplane flight in this country, though he did not quite equal the achievement of his brother in France last year. For several weeks the Wright brothers have been experimenting at Fort Myer, with a view to the approaching official trials of their aeroplane to determine whether it shall be purchased by the War Department. These trials, which were first begun nearly a year ago, were interrupted by the accident in which Orville Wright's thigh was broken and Lieutenant Selfridge was killed. At first the experiments this year did not seem to be turning out satisfactorily, and army and Government officials manifested considerable impatience thereat. The Wright brothers, however, have a marvelous faculty for patience, and an even more marvelous faculty for keeping their own counsel. They worked on quietly and imperturbably, and at last the machine flew successfully, first for seventeen minutes, the next day for half an hour, and finally for an hour and twenty minutes. In this flight, which was six minutes longer than its longest flight last year, Orville Wright had perfect control of his machine, making the circuit of the parade ground fifty-four times, sometimes at as high a speed as forty-five miles an hour, rising nearly three hundred feet above the ground, making small circles and cutting figure eights. The next day the engine of the aeroplane was tuned up higher, and in a ten-minute flight Mr. Wright did some very rapid flying, speeding the great machine from forty-five miles an hour to nearly fifty-five miles an hour. The official trials of the Wright machine are to be held soon, and the brothers will receive twenty-five thousand dollars if their aeroplane meets the army requirements, with a bonus of twenty-five hundred dollars for every mile above forty miles an hour which they make in the speed test—up to forty-four miles an hour. Another good American record was made by Glenn H. Curtiss a few days before. In his aeroplane, the Golden Flyer, Mr. Curtiss flew nearly twenty-five miles in a little over fifty-two minutes over the Hempstead plains on Long Island. After this successful flight Mr. Curtiss left for Europe, where he will take part in the international aeroplane competition which is to take place shortly. A couple of days later M. Paulhau, at Douay, Paris, made a very high flight in his monoplane. He reached a height of nearly five hundred feet at one time and maneuvered his machine for fifty-seven minutes without alighting. Another aerial experimenter, Mr. Hubert Latham, attempted, on Monday of last week, to fly in his monoplane across the English Channel. The London Daily Mail had offered a prize of five thousand pounds for the first aeroplane to make a successful flight across the Channel, and Mr. Latham was attempting to win this reward. His machine flew smoothly for about three miles and a half from the French coast, when the engine refused to work and the monoplane dropped gently into the water. When the French torpedo-boat destroyer Harpon, which was following the flight in case of just such a contingency, reached the aeroplane, its crew found the driver calmly sitting in his place and smoking a cigarette. Mr. Latham is to have another try at the Channel, and M. Bleriot, another monoplane inventor, is also to make a similar attempt. It is reported that Count Zeppelin, the veteran inventor of the dirigible which has made the most successful long flights of any balloon under control, intends next year to start with his dirigible

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from Spitzbergen to explore the northern part of Greenland, and possibly to make an attempt to reach the North Pole.

"THE PUBLIC BE PLEASED"

At the formal celebration of the opening of the Hudson tunnels which took place at the City Hall, Jersey City, the foremost speaker was, of course, their creator, Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo. Through the weary years when most men dubbed his scheme an impractical dream, Mr. McAdoo held to it unwaveringly. He has now brought it to a success more complete than even he dared to expect. He could say with just pride: "A great dream is realized to-day. It is expressed in steel and concrete, in trains and electricity—and in 'three minutes from Broadway.' A great and useful instrument of transportation is here dedicated to the public service." But, with characteristic modesty, Mr. McAdoo first of all proceeded to praise his coadjutors in the project—Mr. Charles M. Jacobs, the tunnel's chief engineer, Mr. Lewis B. Stillwell, the eminent electrical expert, and those who, with undaunted courage, in panic season and out of panic season, have financed the undertaking. Then, and then only, did Mr. McAdoo proceed to his main point. He announced his principle and ideal of work—indeed, the visitors had been dimly conscious of it in their observation of the refreshing politeness shown by the officials at the terminal across the river. "We believe in 'the public be pleased' policy," declared Mr. McAdoo, amid thundering applause, "as opposed to that of the 'public be damned.' We believe the railway is best which serves the people best; that decent treatment of the public evokes decent treatment from the public; that recognition by the corporation of the just rights of the people results in recognition by the people of the just rights of the corporation. A square deal for the people and a square deal for the corporation! The latter is as essential as the former, and they are not incompatible." This sentiment was also emphasized by Governor Fort, of New Jersey, in his address, when he said that "corporate organizations are not to be condemned, but rather commended and encouraged. It is not the use but the abuse of corporate power that must be checked. No other method yet devised is equal to the corporation for the conducting of great national or world-wide enterprises. Let us welcome the coming of corporations under proper regulations. They are the great agencies for the arteries of trade expansion and for the facilitating of the movements of individuals." From the Governor of a State which has sometimes been called "the mother of corporations" it was especially interesting to hear Judge Fort say that "as we contemplate the events of the day, we of necessity minimize the importance of State lines. They are only imaginary, and stand for very little any longer. All the great enterprises, mostly corporate, of our day are inter-State. . . . This inter-State character necessitates some sort of regulation more than State-wide. The Nation alone can provide uniform regulations through all the States. . . . To secure the greatest good to all, National regulation is essential." If this can be accomplished with as complete success as has been the rule in the construction of the Hudson tunnels, a new emphasis will be given to Mr. McAdoo's principle, "The public be pleased."

"JERSEY CITY THREE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY"

On Monday morning of last week a little celluloid flag bearing the caption "Jersey City Three Minutes from Broadway" was worn by many citizens of New York City and Jersey City. They congregated at the huge twin buildings, alike in architecture, at Church, Cortlandt, Dey, and Fulton Streets, a block from Broadway, in New York City. These buildings inclose a greater office space than does any similar structure in the world. Many had been invited to ride across under the river to Jersey City and thence to Hoboken, returning to New York either by the upper tunnels under the river and under the city to Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, or back to Cortlandt Street. The lower part of the great station under the two buildings was found to be a brilliantly lighted, white-tiled concourse, with news-stands, bootblack booths, candy

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shops, soda-water fountains, barber shops, and stores, all in active operation—a miniature city. For the comfort of the women passengers there is a retiring-room in which were seen as neat attendants as would be in any hotel, together with plenty of pins and toilet articles free! For the comfort of all the passengers there was also a plentiful supply of another commodity—politeness. The officials murmured "Please" as they directed the visitors here and there, and actually touched their hats as they replied when a woman asked a question. There was an absence of the "Step lively" element, and one did not hear the "Mind your step" either, a familiar sound at such underground stations as are on curves, for the trains were standing on straight tracks. One descends to the level of the tracks by stairways, but in returning to the street uses a broad ramp or winding-way, such as may be found in a very few old Italian palaces, where the builder has had the somewhat arrogant idea of driving his carriage up to the second story. On entering the cars passengers found them slightly different from those in the subway. One immediately notes the broader aisles. The extra room is obtained by making the backs of the seats straighter than those in the cars used in the subway. There are no cross seats. In the middle of each car are large side doors by which passengers can leave, while other passengers come in by doors at either end, thus saving the time now exasperatingly spent by the subway passengers after the train's arrival, in waiting on the platform before entering, until the alighting passengers leave. But another reform seems equally important. There are no straps swaying back and forth for the convenience of "hangers on," but a white enameled rod, stretching from end to end, has been placed low enough on each side of the aisle to be within the reach of any standing passenger five feet tall or more. From the hygienic point of view this is an excellent change, as the straps are well known distributers of dirt and disseminators of disease. The cars are constructed of steel, cement, and glass. No wood is used, and thus another disseminator of disease and a conductor of fire is eliminated.

"READY" When all the other doors of a tunnel train are shut, the shutting of the final door gives the "ready" signal to the engineer. As the train begins to move there are no creaks or jerks, as might be expected from new rolling stock and new motors, but the start is made as if the concern had been a year in operation. In two and a half minutes the passengers are at the Jersey City station, just under the Pennsylvania depot. Elevators connect the two. There is no sense of dampness while gliding over the smooth roadbed under the river, only of a delicious coolness. In the transit one inevitably thinks of the unprecedented difficulties and dangers of tunnel construction under so mighty a stream as the Hudson, with its treacherous bed, and a consequent satisfaction comes in the knowledge, to use the words of the chief engineer, that "no calamity of any kind has occurred during the building of the works and no deaths from caisson or compressed air disease." In the afternoon the tunnels were thrown open to traffic, and within the first two hours about fourteen thousand persons were carried from New York to Jersey City. But the use of the tunnels will accommodate thousands who are not merely traveling between the two cities or their immediate environs. Travelers arriving from the West, instead of spending three-quarters of an hour in ferriage and carriage from any of the Jersey City railway stations to, say, Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, may now comfortably travel that distance in less than fifteen minutes, and without going from under cover. Passengers by the Pennsylvania Railway may enter New York City by the tunnels instead of by the usual ferries. As soon as the Pennsylvania tunnels, which enter the metropolis at West Thirty-third Street, are ready, the through service will be operated by them. Local service, however, will continue to use the Hudson and Manhattan Tunnels, and, by means of them, commuters will come to the downtown and uptown points most convenient to them. Each road now served by the tunnels—the Pennsylvania, the Lehigh Valley, the Susquehanna, the Erie, and the Lackawanna—has its own ticket office in the Cortlandt

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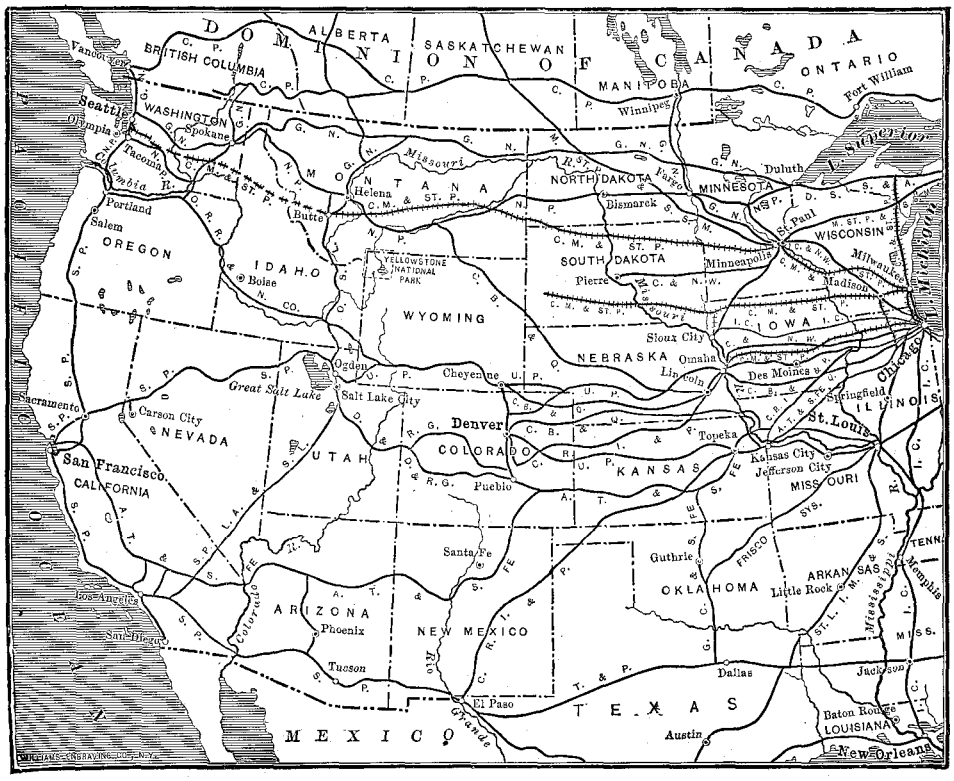
Street terminal's concourse, thus uniting these roads in one New York City station. It is expected that the Jersey City tunnel will before long be extended so as to include the Jersey Central system. It is also expected that the proposed electrification of the Erie and other lines will at least double the benefit to be derived from the tunnels. At present, if a man travels thirty minutes in any direction from the City Hall, New York City, he cannot go over nine miles. But the electrification of the railways will permit him to go nineteen miles. The area, exclusive of swamp lands, included by a thirty-minute radius under such conditions would also be no less than nineteen times the area of Manhattan Island.

THE NEWEST RAILWAY TO THE PACIFIC

The year 1909 is important in the building of transcontinental railways. Up to the present there have been six such lines: the Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Atchison, and the Southern Pacific. Of those now building, the Grand Trunk Pacific in Canada is in rapid progress. It will be the northernmost of all transcontinental railways yet constructed. Moreover, it will shorten the sea route from the American continent to the Far East by about five hundred miles, as Prince Rupert, its western terminus, is much nearer Yokohama than are the ports farther south. On our side of the Canadian border we now have to chronicle the completion of the Chicago, St. Paul, and Puget Sound Railway. As its name indicates, it is an extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul system by a line fourteen hundred miles long from Mobridge, South Dakota, to Seattle and Tacoma, in the State of Washington. This latest highway to the Pacific is distinguished above others because of two advantages: first, it represents the shortest distance between Chicago and Puget Sound, and, second, it has very easy



THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS

The newest railway to the Pacific is indicated by the cross-barred line

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grades. Of these two advantages the latter is possibly of more importance than the former. The Grand Trunk Pacific is to have the same advantage over the Canadian Pacific. The grades on the latter are reported to average 110 feet to the mile, and on the former, it is claimed, are only a trifle over 21 feet. The "ruling grade" is the maximum degree occurring on any given stretch of the line. No matter how short the extent of the given stretch may be, this ruling grade determines, in general, the total weight of train to be hauled over the division in which the grade is located. For instance, if on a given division of the line there may be no grade extending over a half of one per cent, except a thousand feet where there must needs be a two per cent grade, the maximum train-load must be reduced on that division to the maximum which an engine, unassisted, can haul over the short stretch of two per cent. Otherwise the old-fashioned plan must still obtain of an additional pusher engine kept at the bottom of the higher grade to assist every train over the thousand feet of track. Of course, if possible, a road ought not to be built with a grade heavier than that over which one engine can drag up a train. Competition shows that the business of transportation is likely to go to the road with one easiest grades, because that road can best insure uickness of delivery.

MATERIAL AND MORAL RAILWAY BUILDING

A further point of interest in this new road is the fact that the line is the second to extend its track from Chicago to the Pacific coast and the first to reach the North Pacific. The only other system covering the entire distance from Chicago to the Pacific is the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway, which runs to Los Angeles. Still another point of interest is the record of the road's actual construction. It will stand out in the history of railway building. The work has been completed in three years. When we remember that the Union Pacific-Central Pacific, covering a distance not much greater, took ten years to build, the difference in the rapidity of railway construction between the period thirty years ago and the present is at once apparent. Then machinery was lacking—such as the track-laying machine and other appliances to do work formerly done by hand. Then a mile a day was the record in track-laying. During the past year some of the space on the new road was covered at the rate of five miles a day. A proportionate advance is to be noted in the building of bridges and tunnels. The new road has to cross two very large rivers—the Missouri and the Columbia—and many smaller ones, and it has to climb and penetrate three mountain ranges. One of its bridges cost two million dollars, and one of its tunnels is nearly nine thousand feet long. Yet so accurate is modern engineering that the two bores from either end of the tunnel were only one one-hundredth of an inch out of the way when they came together. But there is still another side to railway building not taken into account as much as it might have been by our early pioneers, and that is the moral side. Along every large railway and around every mine temporary camps are founded. One of these camps is now the town of Taft in Montana. During its period of incubation the town of Taft was not altogether a credit to the statesman for whom it was named. The camp was near one of the entrances to a long tunnel, and, as tunnel workers do not progress as rapidly as track-layers, the camp had a population of three hundred men for a long time. It became known chiefly by the extraordinary number of its saloons. The result was that on Monday morning there were sometimes fifty or a hundred absentees at the roll-call for work. This condition of things came to the ears of one of the secretaries of the Railway Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. He went to Camp Taft and saw the superintendent. They came to the conclusion that the men were really not so anxious to get drunk as to find diversion. The secretary proposed another sort of diversion, and the company employed the secretary. At its expense, a building was constructed and a Young Men's Christian Association man was put in charge of it. The building was brilliantly lighted and provided with plenty of good furniture, games, and a phonograph. Last, but not least, arrangements were made to cash the men's pay checks.

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The combined result of all these attrac tions was such that on the day after one holiday there were two absentees instead of a hundred. In addition, the average efficiency of the whole corps was notably increased. Who shall not say that the railway, the new sections of the West to be opened up by it, and even the development of trade with Alaska and the Far East, may all have received some moral as well as material impetus by the development of Camp Taft?

DEFINITE PROGRESS AMONG NEGROES

Every year there is held at Hampton Institute a Conference for the purpose of reviewing the progress made by the American negro. This year there gathered some five hundred picked men of the negro race, from all parts of the South, doctors, lawyers, ministers, business men, proprietor farmers, and teachers. The meeting was marked by an absence of theorizing, and by reports of definite results achieved. The people of this race are realizing more than ever the benefits of organization and co-operation. This is illustrated by their experience in the matter of insurance. Two years ago the colored insurance men in the Conference heard an actuary of a leading life insurance company of New York point out some vital weaknesses in their business methods. They were convinced of the need of change, and at the Conference last year organized the Federated Insurance League. By means of this League they have instituted reforms, including the union of weak companies or their absorption by stronger ones. They are gathering information for adequate negro mortality tables. Last year, for the first time, a negro "old line" insurance company was founded. Under the guidance of physicians there was organized among the negroes of Virginia a league to fight tuberculosis. The negroes of Georgia already have such a league, and a similar one is expected within six months for every State of the South, and in a year a National organization. Instruction for fighting the hookworm disease was furnished to the negro physicians present by its discoverer, Dr. W. C. Stiles. They were told that the eradication of this disease, which is the cause of the anæmia so prevalent among the poorer element of both whites and blacks, and yet which can very easily be both prevented and cured, would cut in half the negro death rate from tuberculosis. The delegates at the Conference did much to make co-operation among negroes in behalf of education more effective.

NEGRO MORALS

One of the most significant events of the Hampton Conference was a discussion, led by the lawyers present, on the negro crime rate. The gist of all the opinions was excellently embodied in a summary at the end by Professor Kelly Miller, of Howard University. The fact that the negroes, who constitute only 12 per cent of the population, furnish 32 per cent of its criminals is not, he asserted, due to any race trait or defect, but to conditions which can be remedied. The bulk of crime, the world over, is found in the lowest level of society. In this country negroes, among whom is a high rate of ignorance, poverty, and degradation, largely form this lowest stratum. The statistics of the United States census reports, which show that the crime rate among negroes is disproportionately high, show also that the presence of negroes in a community does not raise the whole crime rate of that community. The rate for the whole country is about one criminal to every 1,000 of population. In the South Atlantic States the rate is exactly the same as this, in the North Atlantic States it is 1.21 in 1,000, and in the West it is 1.69. The higher rate in the North is due to the greater city population; in the West pioneer conditions still exist to a degree; at any rate, it is clear that the large proportion of negroes does not result in a large proportion of crime. Moreover, although the negro crime rate in the North is higher than in the South, the excess is not so great as that of the Northern white crime rate over the rate for Southern whites. The capacity for evenly poised judgment was exhibited again when clergymen and laymen discussed the two questions, "Is the minister abreast of present-day conditions?" and "Are educated colored people neglecting the church?" The ministers accepted criticism in good part, and defended their

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calling without self-conceit. The ministers at the Conference proved that a portion at least of the Southern colored preachers are earnest, thoughtful men, who are fully abreast of the present-day conditions of the race. The consensus of opinion among all the speakers was that education is not estranging the negro from his church, but that, on the contrary, the most active church workers are those who have returned from the schools. The only exceptions to this condition are found in the big cities of the North, where the church has to contend with multitudes of other interests. It is fortunate that the institution which, throughout the history of the negro in America, has been so powerful an agency for his welfare should show itself capable of adaptation to his developing needs.

THE CLIMAX OF A STORY

Mr. James Lane Allen has set a standard of style for himself so high that those who recall the extraordinary beauty of his earlier stories open a new book from his hand with some trepidation; for it has been the misfortune of more than one of his contemporaries to lose the magic of the pages written years ago. "The Bride of the Mistletoe" (Macmillan) may be opened without apprehension; barring a few vagrant sentences and one or two infelicitous illustrations, it is written in a style of extraordinary refinement and imaginative charm; its beauty is not a matter of mere phrasing, it is evoked out of the material, it is diffused like an atmosphere through the whole book. Here and there one comes upon those finalities of expression which lie only within the reach of genius. Describing the woman whose experience is the substance of the book, Mr. Allen says: "The look of virgin justice in her was perhaps what had survived from that white light of life which falls upon young children as from a receding sun and touches lingeringly their smiles and glances; but her mouth had gathered its shadowy tenderness as she walked the furrows of the years, watching their changeful harvests, eating their passing bread." "The Bride of the Mistletoe" is not easily described; it has neither the structure nor the purpose of a novel, its author tells us; it is not a story in the usual sense of the word; it is the climax of a story, the incidents of which must be filled in by the reader. It is a poetic rendering of the ebb of love in a man's heart, the tragic dawn of the consciousness of the irreparable loss of perfect companionship out of a woman's life. And the story is told, not in direct narrative, but in the symbolism of the Christmas tree whose roots sink into the deepest soil of man's history, whose branches are weighty with his thought, his poetry, his religion. The story is dedicated to "One who knows," and a certain common fund of knowledge between writer and reader born of experience or of imagination is taken for granted. The defect of the story lies in its failure entirely to explain itself and justify the tragedy of married love which it suggests with delicate and penetrating skill.

CAMP LIFE FOR NEW YORKERS

An interesting illustration of the development of so-called "Settlement Work" in the larger cities of this country is found in the Summer Camp of Christodora House. Christodora House is a social settlement maintained in the crowded East Side region of Avenue B in New York City. Through the generosity of some of its supporters, a tract of seventy-two acres has been obtained in the hills of eastern New Jersey, where an outdoor camp has been established as a recreation and educational center for the families to whom Christodora House ministers in the city. An attractive and comfortable central building has been erected, which is surrounded with cabins and tents. The property has room for fifty tents, each standing in an acre of ground. "One can readily imagine," the Board of Managers say, "what this means to families who live in a section of the city where more than five hundred people are crowded together on a single acre of ground." The main building of the camp is prepared for occupancy during the entire year, with steam heat, modern plumbing, and running water. It is hoped that a fund will be provided, that the camp may be enjoyed by "Christodora neighborhood peo-

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ple" as a resting-place for convalescents from illness, and for recuperation which city workers, especially in crowded districts, so often need. The managers plan to establish short and simple courses in agriculture, as well as classes for manual training. The opportunities for the use of such a camp under the direction of such a board as that which conducts Christodora House are limited only by the amount of money subscribed by its supporters. There are, of course, in various parts of the country, hundreds of fresh-air homes and vacation houses for temporary use in the summer. These vacation centers are doing a most useful and beautiful work. But, so far as we know, the plan of Christodora House of maintaining an all-the-year settlement in the country as well as in the city is novel, if not unique. A country settlement of this kind conducted under such auspices and with such purposes, not only can contribute greatly needed help to individual men, women, and children, but its experience and its achievements will throw light upon the perplexing problem of getting dwellers in the overcrowded cities back to the country again under happy and useful conditions. This undertaking of Christodora House is already so successful as to be more than an experiment; it ought to be watched by social workers everywhere with peculiar interest, and should be generously supported by people who desire to make their contributions to good work permanently profitable to the recipients.

A BOY SHAH FOR PERSIA

The capture of Teheran by the Persian Constitutional forces was followed, as in the Turkish Constitutionalists' capture of Constantinople, by the dethronement of the monarch. Thus in less than a year the Mohammedan world has seen the deposition of the sovereign head of every Mohammedan state: Morocco, Turkey, and Persia each has now a living ex-Sultan. The Persians are well rid of Mohammed Ali, a reactionary and a vacillating tyrant, who, like Abdul-Hamid of Turkey, doggedly refused to heed the warning of the times. The deposed Shah, however, accepts his new position with Oriental philosophy, and shows little lack of personal dignity. He expresses a desire to live in the Crimea. The Shah is succeeded by his son Ahmed Mirza, a bright boy hardly more than a dozen years old. The Teheran correspondent of the London Times describes the affecting scene at the parting of the new Shah from his parents. Both his mother and father broke down at the thought of parting with their favorite son, and offered their second son in his place. The boy wept bitterly, in sympathy with his parents, and at first declined to leave his mother. Finally their Majesties, being informed that it was the people's will and that there was no alternative, were persuaded to agree to the departure of the youthful Shah. When the formalities were concluded, the boy still continued to weep, and it required a stern admonition to the effect that crying was not allowed before he dried his eyes. Then the little man came out bravely, and proceeded to the palace.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER TO PEKING

Last week President Taft appointed as Minister to Peking Mr. Charles R. Crane, of Chicago. Mr. Crane accepted the appointment. It is interesting to note that President Taft has appointed not politicians but business men to the second place in his Cabinet and to perhaps the most important, just now, of our diplomatic posts. But Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. Crane have other points in common. Both are residents of Chicago. Both have been prominent in the municipal reform movement. Both are Democrats, but both are "Taft Republicans." Both enter upon their new duties without having occupied political positions. The effect of Mr. Crane's appointment will doubtless be as gratifying as has been that of Mr. MacVeagh. Those who have to do with the political activities which these gentlemen now direct will have the pleasurable sensation of feeling that neither is paying any political debt, no matter what turn affairs may take, for neither appointment can be regarded as a reward for political activity. Mr. Crane was born in 1858. He is a member of the Crane Company, of Chicago, a great manufacturing concern producing tubing, pipes, and plumbers' supplies, and employ-

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ing several thousand men. In his announcement the President describes Mr. Crane as "one of the ablest business men in this country," and adds that he is "delighted to be able to get Mr. Crane for the Peking position." To fill the needs of that position to-day Mr. Crane would seem to be the right type of man, for he has had training in large transactions appertaining to our foreign commerce, and has had special experience of the difficulties confronting the American manufacturer in seeking access to the world's markets. Mr. Crane has made three extended trips into China and Central Asia, and has visited Russia eighteen times. He knows many Chinese and Russian statesmen personally. He thus brings to his new task not only the mature experience of an active business man, but also the discretion of a man of the world. There is a personal touch about the appointment which may appeal to the family-loving Chinese in that Mr. Crane is a nephew of Professor Wells Williams, one of the best friends that China ever had and the author of a standard work on that country. Mr. Crane thus describes the principles which are to actuate him: "Without wishing to detract from the importance of other diplomatic posts, I have long considered the one at Peking not only of unusual but perhaps of predominant importance to our Nation. In my opinion China is now the focus of the world's greatest international problem. I regard the interest of the United States in this problem as fundamental. Our policy in China must be founded upon the platform of entire equality and mutual self-respect."

AMERICAN RELATIONS WITH CHINA

While, during these weeks, the State Department is engaged in special efforts to secure freedom of commercial opportunity in China, any material gain of our country does not, in the eyes of the new Minister, cloud the broader issues. He knows that, years ago, America alone of foreign nations offered educational opportunities to Chinese students, and that China's present position in the world is largely due to the use which she made of these opportunities. He knows that in 1900, when the Chinese Government was in hiding, John Hay, alone of Foreign Secretaries, and amidst their derision, persisted in treating that Government as if it were worthy of entire respect, and persisted in informing the Powers that the United States would exert all possible influence to maintain Chinese territorial, administrative, and commercial integrity. Moreover, Mr. Hay, in the promotion of friendly relations between America and China, arranged that we should give a particular proof of our friendship by the remittance of half of the indemnity paid to us by China on account of our damages in the Boxer atrocities. Furthermore, when Russia proceeded, little by little and by startlingly arbitrary acts, now here, now there, to absorb the great northeastern Chinese province of Manchuria, Mr. Hay simply said, "You can never tell which way a cat will jump," and persisted in obtaining from the Russian Government statements of exactly what it intended to do, and thus gave the Chinese an opportunity to assert themselves even before the Russians were met by the opposition of the Japanese. China thus owes more to John Hay than to any other man. Nor will the Chinese forget a further proof of our friendship in the material aid sent to that country during the recent time of flood and famine. With such a history as a background, Mr. Crane may now proceed to Peking, cherishing the expectation that, with a statesmanlike course, his name may ultimately stand out in the history of American representatives as brilliantly as does that of Anson Burlingame, our pioneer diplomat at Peking half a century ago. America will look to Mr. Crane to maintain the integrity of the open door in the Far East, first initiated by John Hay among American statesmen. But emphasis on that policy is not lacking.

RUSSIA'S AGGRESSIONS IN CHINA

Russia's recent course in North China seems in line with that which she attempted to pursue in Mr. Hay's day; it certainly emphasizes the Russian desire to keep by any means her avenues of transportation, both by land and river, open towards the Pacific. There she still expects, not only to accentuate the importance of her port at Vladivostok, but,

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as that is icebound during a part of the year, to show the necessity of ultimately gaining an ice-free port. She has an agreement with China regarding the Chinese Eastern Railway across North Manchuria, leased in 1895 by the Chinese Government to a Russian company dominated by the Russian Government. This agreement permits Russia to control the administration of the railway stations, warehouses, workshops, and other establishments in the railway zone, and to maintain guards for the protection of property there. On the basis of this agreement, a year ago Russia attempted to gain direct control of the administration of the municipalities along that railway. Mr. Root, the American Secretary of State, vigorously protested, and the matter was left in abeyance. In May of this year Russia announced the terms of an agreement by which she would gain indirect control. She would have all important railway towns administered by municipal councils, to which Chinese and foreigners should be equally eligible to election. But the acts of the councils must be submitted to the Manchurian viceroy and the Russian railway director. Should they veto an act, and should the council pass it over the veto, the act must be submitted to the (nominal) Chinese president of the railway at Peking, and to the Russian administrator of the railway at St. Petersburg. If not approved by both of these officials, the act could not go into effect. Of course this would give Russia the last word. Our State Department, now under Mr. Knox, again protested at any infringement of Chinese integrity, or the principle of equal opportunity. The Russians must seek to evolve another arrangement. So much for the transportation by land. As to water transportation, in 1858 Russia entered into an agreement with China by which the Amur, Sungari, and Ussuri Rivers should be closed to all but Russian and Chinese trade. The Treaty of Portsmouth of 1905 between Russia and Japan, however, declares that Russia has no exclusive concessions in Manchuria which are incompatible with the principle of equal opportunity. Indeed, Mr. Hay desired to have that treaty made, not only to put an end to the Russo-Japanese War, but also to emphasize the open door in a part of the world in which American, British, German, and other interests seemed to us to deserve recognition along with those of Russia and China. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to know that the British, German, and Austrian Governments have now joined our own in protests at Russia's present course. If this is a satisfaction as regards international relations, it is a special satisfaction as regards our connection with them. The time is now past when Americans could say, "What do we care for abroad?" We have interests in China, commercial, social, educational, religious. Interests bring responsibilities. The new chapter in the history of the diplomatic relations between America and the Far East, begun by John Hay and well continued by Mr. Root and Mr. Knox, is, we believe, an adequate answer, and that chapter might be entitled Equality of Opportunity.

ARBITRATION AND AN INTERNATIONAL POLICE

Last week the Argentine Government sent his passport to the Bolivian Minister, ordering him to leave Buenos Aires within twenty-four hours, and telegraphed the Argentine Minister at La Paz, the Bolivian capital, to return. At the request of the two Governments, Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, has authorized the American Ministers at La Paz and at Buenos Aires to take charge, respectively, of the interests of Argentina and Bolivia. This is believed to be the first time that two countries which have broken off diplomatic relations with each other have intrusted their interests to the representatives of the United States. While the action of the Argentine Government follows the refusal of the Bolivian Government to accept the decision of President Alcorta, of Argentina, in the boundary dispute between Bolivia and Peru, it was not taken until President Montes, of Bolivia, in a circular issued to the provincial Governors, referred in offensive terms to the decision. Moreover, President Montes also ordered the municipality of La Paz to suspend the preparations for participating in the centenary of Argentine independence. The Argentine Government has just cause for complaint, but opinion differs as to whether Argentina is altogether

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wise in construing the offenses as incompatible with the dignified continuance of friendly diplomatic relations. Surely the power which has rendered the arbitral decision should show the utmost patience. The President of the Argentine Republic, Dr. José Figueroa Alcorta, formerly Vice-President, succeeded to the chief magistracy on the death of President Quintana in 1906. President Alcorta's decision was given after long and laborious consultation between himself and his "consulting committee." This committee consisted of three jurists of recognized authority in Latin America, namely, Dr. Antonio Bermejo, President of the Argentine Supreme Court, Dr. Montes de Oca, and Dr. Carlos Larreta, both ex-Ministers of Foreign Affairs, the last named being also a member of the Hague Tribunal of Arbitration. It is believed that the desire to do justice to all concerned inspired such a personnel. The moral influence of our Government and the Brazilian is being exerted to prevent a clash. Ordinarily any war between neighbors like Argentina and Bolivia, or Bolivia and Peru, would be regrettable; but, growing out of the decision in an arbitration, a war instigated by the country which considers itself less favored than its competitor would be in the highest degree regrettable, because directly inimical to the cause of universal peace. It would seem, therefore, as if there should be a power of international policing to carry out the decisions of an International Court of Arbitration. In the present instance, the arbitrator, Argentina, is in a favorable position to carry out the policing herself. In comparison with the Argentine forces the Bolivian army is insignificant.

THE MIDSUMMER MADNESS OF M. CLEMENCEAU

In Europe as well as in America people sometimes call the summer "the silly season," because unexpected movements may be expected from otherwise well-balanced folk. At Rome the other day the Postmaster-General suddenly threw himself upon an offending member of Parliament and, not succeeding well enough with fisticuffs, attacked him with the water carafe. At Paris a grave and reverend Senator tried to give the Finance Minister a box on the ear. But the most surprising event of all was yet to come. It brought about the fall of the French Cabinet. The immediate subject in debate in the Chamber of Deputies was the naval question. The debate was bound to affect the present Cabinet adversely, but it would not, it is believed, have precipitated its fall had it not been for the indiscretion of M. Clemenceau. Not only did he not prevent many of his followers from being absent from the debate, but he himself obscured the question by an extraordinary personal attack upon M. Delcassé. After a notable service of eight years as Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, in 1905, found that the relations of France and Morocco required explanation. To the German Emperor's proposal that the dispute should be referred to arbitration, M. Delcassé declared that arbitration would be a cowardly surrender. When the French Cabinet decided on arbitration, M. Delcassé resigned. Last week, as President of the Naval Investigating Committee, M. Delcassé taunted the Prime Minister with the words: "You were President of the Naval Investigating Committee of 1904. Your unsparing attacks on every Government during twenty-five years seemed sufficient guarantee that you would find the root of the evil. Did you?" Possibly over-confident in his recent majority of 182, M. Clemenceau felt that he could return taunt for taunt, and replied, "I have never been the cause of the humiliation of France, whereas you led us to the greatest humiliation she has experienced in twenty years." While there are two opinions as to this, the Cabinet's friends and foes were alike astounded. It seemed incredible that an old parliamentary war-horse should wish to commit political suicide by recalling the Moroccan affair. Others, however, cannot believe that such a campaigner did not realize what he was doing, and think that, for reasons known to himself, he deliberately planned his own downfall. This opinion is picturesquely summed up by M. Rochefort, the veteran politician and editor, who says in his paper that "Clemenceau has overthrown so many ministers that he believed it proper to overthrow himself. He committed suicide yesterday by firing sev-

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eral phrases at his own head." M. Clemenceau has been king-maker and minister. More than any one, it is believed, he made Carnot President on the fall of Grévy, whom he himself had pulled down, and, perhaps more than any one, he brought about M. Loubet's election. He defeated M. Freycinet, and he made a laughing-stock of General Boulanger. He has always been a fighter, and often a conqueror.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDSHIP

A year ago Mr. J. Allen Baker, M.P., conceived the happy idea of inviting German pastors and preachers, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, to visit England in order that the two countries might know each other better. The Germans came. They were well treated. The result in Germany was immediate and lasting. But during the year there has been in England much unjustifiable suspicion of the German Government. As an antidote for air-ship scares, Mr. Baker arranged a visit to Germany of a hundred influential molders of public thought in England among the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Nonconformist clergymen. They visited Hamburg, Berlin, Potsdam, and Bremen. Everywhere there was a succession of brilliant functions, civil, academic, social, religious. At Potsdam the Emperor and Empress received the visitors. Dr. Rendel Harris, one of them, writes: "We were prepared for an audience that should be brief; we were not prepared to find it bright and brotherly; as a matter of fact, it was not brief, for the Kaiser and the Kaiserin entered into detailed conversation with many of the guests, and received them with the utmost affability, and, as to the brotherliness, the Kaiser himself added to the language of the reply which had been prepared for him the words 'and brothers' after the ordinary introduction, and these added words became naturally the motto and the text for the gatherings that followed. It is extremely unlikely that any deputation from England will ever have to report such personal cordiality. The Kaiser . . . had taken pains to inform himself about everything and everybody; with one he talked theology, with another Church life, with a third the Free Church Council. It is simply unthinkable that there was any insincerity attaching either to the Imperial reception, to the telegram from Bülow that was read at the official banquet, or to the sermon of Dr. Dryander in the cathedral." Prince von Bülow, in his message, expressed his hope "that our guests and Christian brethren would bring home the conviction and publish the fact that there is living on this side of the North Sea a peaceful and laborious people which heartily desires, as well as its Government, to live in friendship and neighborliness with its brethren beyond the Channel." Professor Harnack, in his address in the assembly hall of the Berlin University, dwelt on the internationalism of Christian literature, and urged that to destroy these great bonds of union by war would be insanity and a criminal neglect of the offered blessing of God. The Bürgermeister of Hamburg, in an emphatic pronouncement against war, associated with himself "the mind of the people of Germany, of their representatives in her Reichstag, and of the Kaiser." No wonder that the clergymen were impressed. As one of them, Canon Coxon, a Roman Catholic, said: "I do not think that the great principle of peace, for which this company of British compatriots stand, is sufficiently appreciated in quarters that are more directly responsible for guiding the political relations than we are. . . . I will say that if the Germans and the British are ever to fight, I pray God that it may be side by side, as we have done before, and not against each other."

A NEW CHANCELLOR FOR GERMANY

Prince von Bülow is not only the first Chancellor of the German Empire to retire because of an adverse vote in the Reichstag, the German House of Commons; he is also the first Chancellor to be formally invited by the Emperor to suggest his own successor. The retiring Chancellor thereupon proposed that the new Chancellor should be Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, who for some time had been Secretary of the Interior and Vice-Chancellor. The Kaiser's action was an unprecedented compliment. Through one of his great-grand-

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parents Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg is of Jewish origin. His family left Holland two centuries ago and settled in Frankfort. The new Chancellor's great-grandmother married a man called Hollweg, who added his wife's name to his own. Theobald studied law—always the first step to a public career in Germany—at various universities, was appointed an assistant judge and assessor, and rose through many grades to his present position. He is now fifty-three years old. The Bethmann régime will doubtless be different from the Bülow régime. Personally the retiring Chancellor is a man of almost Gallic wit, vivacity, and grace of expression; the incoming Chancellor, a man of reserved and thoughtful habits, who is known as the philosopher-statesman, and who even at his own receptions sometimes wears an air of preoccupation. The Bülow manner is frank, open, brisk; the Bethmann manner is quieter, more reticent—the scholar's manner rather than that of a man of the world. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg is a tall man, and his long face looks longer than it really is because of his small pointed beard. He has a habit of stooping from his great height and looking at a smaller man in a searching way through his spectacles. Politically, too, there may be a difference between the Bülow and Bethmann régimes, for the new Chancellor, unlike his predecessor, grew up in home and not in foreign politics. The appointment of von Bethmann pleases not only those who believe that the Emperor is going to be his own Chancellor, anyway, but also those who desire that Germany shall embark on a slightly different political course. Possibly both classes may be disappointed. For the new Chancellor has two of the qualities which have distinguished his predecessor: First, he is a man of individual, not to say independent, thought and force of character. Second, though nominally a Conservative, he has applied to himself the policy that the Crown's servants must be non-partisan. For instance, once when he was a district governor the Conservatives came to him seeking his influence in a local election, but they had only the satisfaction of hearing this indignant reply: "I am an administrative official, not an election agent." The Conservatism of the new Chancellor is certainly of a very mild order; indeed, to judge from his recent speeches, he seems really more of a Liberal than a Conservative statesman.

THE CALVIN MONUMENT AT GENEVA

The corner-stone of the great Reformation Monument, marking the fourth centenary of the birth of John Calvin, has just been laid at Geneva, Switzerland. The monument is due to an international movement, and symbolizes the idea of Geneva as a fortress of the Reformation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is to stand against the authentic walls of the old sixteenth-century city. In gigantic letters one will read on the walls the legend, "Post Tenebras Lux" (After Shadows Light)—at once the motto of the city of Geneva and the expression of the spirit of the Reformation. Against the wall will stand statues of the Reformers and their patrons. At the ceremony Dr. Voigts, President of the Council of the Evangelical Church of Germany, read a despatch from the German Emperor, in which that monarch expressed his happiness in knowing that the statues of three of his ancestors, Coligny, William of Orange, and Frederick William of Brandenburg, are to form part of the monument. More than two hundred universities and other institutions of learning were represented at the celebration, which lasted for several days. The addresses in English were made by Professor Williston Walker, of Yale, representing America, by Lords Kinnaird and Reay, representing Scotland, and by Count d'Haussonville, representing France. The last speaker, like M. Deucher, President of the Swiss Confederation, who made the address of welcome, are Roman Catholics. It was not surprising, therefore, that they should emphasize the fact that the movement for the erection of the monument was not primarily theological or local, but comprehensive and international. The monument is intended as a permanent memorial of the influence of the great Reformer and his associates upon the modern world from the broad point of view of history. The call, two years ago, for American co-operation with the Genevan Com-

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mittee was signed by such men as Charles Francis Adams, Edwin A. Alderman, William Adams Brown, Charles W. Eliot, Cyrus H. McCormick, Francis L. Patton, Oscar S. Straus, William J. Tucker, and Andrew D. White, a list indicative of the variety of the interests which unite in this commemoration. A like variety and breadth characterize the membership of the large General Committee of nearly a hundred, whose head is ex-President Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has now been made honorary President of the International Committee. The particular significance of the occasion, as far as Geneva is concerned, lies not so much in the emphasis upon Calvin as a religious reformer—for that includes the stain on his memory in the burning of Servetus—as it does on Calvin as a civilizer, and especially on his influence as an educationist. This is to be indicated by the inscription: "On the 21st of May, 1536, the Genevan people, assembled in General Council, ratified the edicts of the Reformation and decreed public and compulsory education." Calvin was also the founder of the Academy, now the University, of Geneva. The ceremonies included a celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its existence.

THE OPIUM EVIL

In chronicling the results of the recent International Opium Commission, which met at Shanghai, The Outlook called attention to the fact that the Commission was one merely for inquiry and recommendation, and that the final settlement must be left to an International Conference. The work of the Shanghai Commission, especially that of the American delegation, has been highly satisfactory, and, in consequence, our own and other Governments have been ready to consider the desirability of calling an International Conference with full powers, not only to confirm the Shanghai declarations, but also to enlarge their scope to include cocaine and other narcotic and habit-forming drugs. Our State Department has now requested all the countries which participated in the International Opium Commission last February to send delegates to a second Conference to be held in the near future at The Hague. Those countries are our own, Great Britain, China, Germany, France, Japan, Holland, Portugal, Russia, Turkey, Persia, and Siam. At this Conference means will be considered for the international control of the production and manufacture of opium and the traffic in it, with a view to the suppression of the use of that drug except for medicinal purposes. The delegations at Shanghai were unanimous that the opium evil must cease, and the nine resolutions which covered the difficulties were passed in practical accord. It is interesting to note that in the eighteen months during which the negotiations proceeded, resulting in the meeting of the Commission, every Government taking part therein made some move, either by proclamation or by legislation, to put its house in order before the Shanghai meeting should take place. Our own Government enacted a law prohibiting the importation of opium except for medicinal purposes, and the law went into effect on April 1, 1909. In March, 1908, a prohibitory law had already gone into effect in the Philippines. Congress has now been asked to place a prohibitory duty upon manufactured cocaine, its salts and derivatives. But we should also enact a law to place the manufacture of and inter-State traffic in opium, and in all habit-forming drugs, under the supervision of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Owing to financial questions, some of the other governments have not been able to enact prohibitory legislation. They have, however, enacted legislation which within a decade or less ought to wipe out the traffic in opium. By taking the initiative in this international movement our Department of State has done itself credit, and if, by an International Conference, it can now push the world suppression of the use of opium, save for medicinal purposes, to a final conclusion, it will indeed have done a great service to humanity at large. As Dr. Hamilton Wright, one of the American delegates at Shanghai, said there: "The traffic in opium for other than necessary uses ought not much longer to continue, or there will yet loom between the East and West a problem that in its magnitude and potentialities for strife will outstrip the magnitude and forces of the long since happily settled slavery question."

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THE PRESSED STEEL CAR STRIKE

Has a wage-earner any rights which his employer is bound to respect? Is the public concerned with the way in which a private company treats its employees? Is the workman, who makes the product, to be put upon a different basis from that of the material out of which the product is made? Is the workman to be treated otherwise than as a tool or a piece of machinery?

These are the very simple questions which are raised by the strike in the Pressed Steel Car Company's Works at McKees Rocks, near Pittsburgh. These are questions which concern not merely this Company and the men who have been employed by it; they concern the whole country. As they are answered in one way or another in this instance, they will grow more menacing or less significant in other cases. They seem to be very elementary. At any rate, they are fundamental.

What has now raised these questions? A little over a year ago, when the Pressed Steel Car Company was paying its men according to a piece-rate system, there was a cut in wages. In January of this year, when the plant became busy again, the piece-rate system was supplanted by a pooling system. In each department the Company set aside a certain sum for so much product, out of which the labor in the making of that product was paid. For example, for the press work on each car a certain sum was divided in wages among the men doing that press work. Thus the Company could know beforehand just what the labor cost on each car would be. The men, on the other hand, could not know from day to day, or week to week, what their wages were to be. Besides, for fair dealing they had to trust absolutely to the Company's bookkeeping department; and over this department they, of course, had no control. They had to bear the loss due to the mistakes of foremen, to breakages of machinery, to possible shortage in material, and to the waste caused by incompetent or inexperienced workers. The Company has asserted that a minimum wage is virtually guaranteed. However that may be, under the guise of this change in system there was really established a severe cut in wages. Of course the arrangement was profitable to the Company. Under this scheme the Company had a fixed labor cost, and it fixed that labor cost itself. It refused to deal with the men except as individuals. It took from each man a certain percentage of his wages as a contribution to an insurance fund, and all damages for accidents were paid from that fund. What the contributions to the fund and what the damages for accidents should be were determined by the Company, not the men. The Company denies what the men assert, that they have had to pay foremen for getting and even for keeping jobs; but it does not pretend that it ever gave the men a chance to make complaint or present grievances. Moreover, the men have felt, and others are convinced, that the plant was run with outrageous disregard for human life. The laborers, being largely Hungarians and other foreigners, have not been properly safeguarded. Stories to the effect that the plant killed "Hunkies"—as the Hungarians are called—at the rate of one a day cannot be substantiated, and are undoubtedly gross exaggerations; but they have arisen because the Company has kept a determined attitude of silence and secrecy with regard to casualties. It is notorious that the Pressed Steel Car Company, like other concerns in the Pittsburgh district, has been willing to weigh the lives of "Hunkies" against the preservation of costly machinery. If any one desires to know what the attitude of Pittsburgh factories on this subject has been, he has only to examine the findings of the Pittsburgh Survey. Out of all this came the strike. The men, unorganized, undirected, without resources, asked for a chance to be heard; they asked for arbitration. They were denied, and they left work.

"There is no strike," says President Hoffstot, of the Company. "I hired those men to do a certain work for me and agreed to pay them a certain wage. They quit work. Well, they had a right to do that. If they do not wish to comply with the conditions under which they were hired, that's their business. So, you see, there is no strike to end." He added:

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"There is nothing to arbitrate in the present difficulty. The officers of the Company will not meet with any committees of the men. When the peace officers get conditions so that the men can go to work in safety, workmen in Pittsburgh and vicinity will be given the first opportunity to go to work. . . . We are depending on the sheriff and the State constabulary to bring about this peaceful condition. That is what the Company pays taxes for."

Incidentally it ought to be recorded that there has been little turbulence, and none in which the strikers have been involved. During these days of idleness but six men have received injuries, and none of them were employees.

From these facts and this statement we think it is clear how the Pressed Steel Car Company answers the elementary questions raised by the strike: Has the workman any rights the employer is bound to respect? He has the right to quit work, and that is his only right in industry. Is the public concerned in the way a company treats its men? Not at all; it is the public's business simply to protect property and enable the capitalist to get laborers; what the capitalist does with those laborers after he gets them is none of the public's business. Is the workman on a different basis from the material on which he works? Not essentially. The only difference is that the Car Company has to buy its steel at the price set by the steel manufacturers; whereas it buys its labor at its own price. This is, of course, because the steel manufacturers are organized, while these laborers are not. Is the workman to be treated otherwise than as a tool or a piece of machinery? Certainly with no more care; probably with less. If a piece of machinery breaks down, the Company has to stand the loss; so it is careful of machinery. But if a workman is killed, some slight damages are paid out of the workmen's fund; so the Company does not have to be careful of men.

This attitude is that of industrial autocracy. It is the attitude of those who believe that the sole control of industry belongs to the owner of capital. It is an attitude that cannot be maintained in a democracy. Indeed, it is possible only to the autocrat or the Socialist. If the principle upheld by President Hoffstot is right, then Socialism is inevitable, for the public must control industry; and if the owner of capital is the sole arbiter of industry, then the public must own all capital; and that is Socialism.

We do not believe that the owner of capital is the sole arbiter of industry. Labor has a right as well as capital to direct industrial activity and decide industrial questions. The public is more and more going to concern itself with the condition of laborers; it is going to see that laborers have at least as advantageous a position as pig iron, and that a human being be counted of more value than many pieces of machinery. Mr. Hoffstot is the relic of a past epoch.

THE SHORT BALLOT

The New York Press, a strongly partisan Republican newspaper, possesses the distinction of being a vigorous opponent of the "bosses" in its support of the political reform known by the general term of Direct Nominations. With its belief that a well-devised system of direct primaries, or direct nominations, will give the voters more power and the political "bosses" less in choosing candidates for office we are in hearty sympathy. But we take issue with the Press in its severe editorial attack upon the article by Mr. R. S. Childs, which appeared in The Outlook for July 17, on "The Short Ballot."

Mr. Childs's contention, briefly stated, is that we have in this country too many elective officers; that our election ballots are so encumbered with names that the voter of even more than average intelligence is unable to form a respectable notion of the men he is voting for; that this is demonstrated by the fact that in a hotly contested election the discussion and the final decision of the voters center about one candidate, as in the case of Governor Hughes; that before we can have in this country real and genuine representative government we must reduce the number of elective officers very largely and impose greater responsibility directly on the people. In other words, we must have a Short Ballot. The New York Press

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says that this is the federalistic idea. Quite true. It also says that it is an autocratic idea and is a denial of democracy. In this we think it is quite incorrect.

The federalistic idea is that we shall elect our President, and leave him to appoint the other executive officers of the Government. This he literally does, selecting his Cabinet officers, who carry on the business of the army, the navy, the post-office, the diplomatic service, etc., etc. But have we any finer example of representative government, thoroughly democratic and absolutely non-autocratic, than this method of administering the Federal affairs? The judges, the marshals, the collectors, the postmasters, the general officers of the army and the navy, are appointed by the President, subject, it is true, to the approval of Congress, but in the final result chosen solely by him. The Press is an ardent advocate of the use of the Massachusetts Ballot in State elections; it asserts that the Massachusetts idea and not the Short Ballot plan is the essential reform which should be advocated by those who desire to purify politics. But would the Press advise the American people to elect their Federal administrators by a long ballot even if it were arranged on the Massachusetts plan? Shall we nominate the members of the Cabinet, the marshals, the postmasters, the collectors, the admirals, and the generals, and elect them, taking away the appointing power from the President because it is autocratic and not compatible with the idea of representative government? Would this proposal, if made to the Press, be treated by it as a "doctrinaire fad," proposed by "the kind of reformers that bring political reform into ridicule and strength to the elbow of the bosses," which is at present its view of the Short Ballot idea? If we are going to have a long ballot, undoubtedly the Massachusetts form is as good as if not better than any other. But if it is better than any conceivable Short Ballot, we ask the Press to be consistent and urge its adoption in Federal elections. For our part, we like the methods and the results of the Short Ballot as used in the Federal Government, and it seems to us both consistent and reasonable that it be applied to State, county, and municipal elections.

In the Nation each voter indicates his choice for one Representative, one President, and (although indirectly) two Senators, and holds them responsible. In State elections why should he not similarly choose one Assemblyman, one Senator, and one Governor, and hold them responsible? The application of the Short Ballot idea, which now works so successfully and so democratically in Federal elections, to State and city election, need not dampen the enthusiasm of even the Press or The Outlook for direct nominations. Direct primaries would still be as essential in choosing candidates for Governor and Legislators, or Mayor and Councilmen, as they are to-day in selecting a vast array of other unknown officials, with the added advantage that the citizen, as distinguished from the political manager or "boss," could then take an active and intimate interest in his personal choice.

THE SENATE AND PUBLIC OPINION

The Senate's refusal to adopt any form of closure has frequently been a subject of severe criticism. The country has often wearied at the interminable debate in the upper house, and there has been a general demand that the Senate make of itself an effective body for the transaction of business after the fashion of the House. The recent tariff debate, however, cannot have failed to impress the Nation with the need of caution in any changes in the Senate's rules. It is of the utmost importance that one branch of Congress maintain the function of educating and developing public opinion. To create public sentiment rather than to transact business is in a peculiar degree the part of the Senate. This function would be abrogated were the upper house to adopt the procedure of the lower.

The bill "to provide revenue, equalize duties, and encourage the industries of the United States and for other purposes," was reported to the House from the Committee on Ways and Means, March 18. It was under discussion until April 9—largely because the Republican organization was uncertain up to that time whether it could force the adoption of the special

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rule under which the bill was put to a vote. The bill was received by the Senate April 10, the debate began a week later, and continued nearly three months, ending with the vote July 8. Undoubtedly the business interests of the country became impatient over the protracted discussion. Yet it has become clear that the three months of debate in the Senate was of incomparably greater educational value to the country than the three weeks' debate in the House. Because of its greater size and cumbersomeness the freedom of debate in the lower branch of Congress is necessarily curtailed sharply. Many of the speeches there made were perfunctory affairs delivered for the sole purpose of circulation "in the district" of the speaker. Night sessions were held which were attended by a mere handful of Representatives anxious to talk for the Congressional Record. In general, under the rules, the bill was not open to amendment, and every Representative understood perfectly that nothing he said could influence the result. On the few occasions on which the bill was thrown open to alteration under careful restrictions there was real debate. But when the measure went to the Senate, it is safe to say that the country had only the haziest notion of what it meant.

In the Senate, in spite of many tiresome and pointless speeches, the debate at once assumed a high level and caught the attention of the country. Attacks were made on unjust features of the bill by men who had mastered the subject, who gave luminous expositions of what the effect of certain obscure paragraphs would be, and who demanded record votes on amendments that were defeated only by the most strenuous efforts of the Committee on Finance. In spite of the control always exercised by Chairman Aldrich, the debate never degenerated into the mere perfunctory talk that was so often heard in the House, because there was always a chance that some of the Senators who were held in line by "the community of interests" that makes revision downward so difficult might be frightened by public opinion into voting with the Progressives unless supplied with a reasonable defense by arguments from high protectionist debaters.

Had the House methods been available to the Senate, there can be no doubt that, after a comparatively brief discussion, the previous question would have been moved and the debate closed. That would have facilitated business, but it would have prevented the country from becoming familiar with the tariff schedules and would have forestalled the development of an intelligent public opinion. It sounds well to say that the majority of the Senate ought always to have the power to end debate and transact business. But the transaction of business is not all of the duty of Congress. It is in the Capitol in Washington that the great National issues are framed. So it is essential that in one house, at least, business shall not be supreme. Undoubtedly it would be advisable to formulate some rule under which the Senate may be able to save itself from "filibusters." But such a rule ought to be most carefully safeguarded, so that it shall not lend itself to the desire of a majority to stifle discussion of some measure that will not bear the light.

THE PATH TO GOD

The endeavor to get the results of religious living without going through the processes, to secure possession of the fruits of character without enduring the discipline, is renewed in every generation; and the long and unbroken history of defeats does not seem to exhaust the credulity of men and women. We are willing to do everything except work out our salvation. We want a royal road to faith; are not willing to take the long, quiet path which is open to each one of us. We long for a great and final vision of God. We are eager for a complete and permanent settlement of all our doubts. At the beginning of the journey we want the enlargement, liberation, and certainty which can be found only at the end. We forget the significance of the divine commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant." We change it to read, "Well thought," or "Well felt, good and faithful servant!" We want to feel the presence of God. We want to be able to think our way to him in perfect clearness. We are not willing, hour by hour, day by day, year

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by year, with infinite patience, to so enlarge ourselves by work and life that we shall be fitted to stand in his presence and great enough to realize him in our thought. We want strength, but we are not willing to exercise; we simply wish to pray for it. We want peace, but we are not ready to set our lives in order. We want trust and that quiet faith which is the source of joy and happiness, but we are not willing to gain faith in the one way in which it can be gained—by patient continuance in well doing.

This gospel of education by doing, of gaining the vision and learning the truth by doing the will of the Father from day to day, is being preached by Dr. Grenfell, not only to Labrador, but to Canada, to America, and to England. Here is a man who has his doubts like other men, but does not wait to settle them before he sets out on his journey; who is beset by the same perplexities, environed by the same difficulties which are part of the fortune of all men, but does not expect to think his way through them nor to feel his way to certainty; but who, day by day, with childlike simplicity, without theories either of theology or of ecclesiasticism, does the work of Christ with modern tools, and preaches his gospel in modern speech; and no man who hears him or comes in contact with him fails to take away from his presence a wonderful sense of his faith in the Invisible God and his sense of the presence of the unseen Christ. Dr. Grenfell always speaks of Christ as if he were in the next room.

It is not by thinking or feeling, but by doing—that is to say, by actual experience—that we get the knowledge and the command of ourselves. And there is no other way. We create ourselves by translating our feeling into thought and our thought into action. There is nothing more striking in life than the gathering of lines in a man's face as the result of a great experience and a fine work well done—the unformed face chiseled by work into a strikingly significant countenance. For a man's countenance is the face which nature gave him, molded by his own ideals and toil. The sculptor does not more certainly evoke a face out of stone by the tireless strokes of his chisel than the man evokes his force, intelligence, and will out of himself by bearing the burdens and doing the work of life. You cannot tell him in advance what he is; he cannot know himself what he is. He must find himself through work. The aspiration of the boy who dreams of the mastery of art is a mere desire until he learns the use of the brush, the secrets of color, the control of his hands. The half-conscious energy of the youth who feels that the elements that will make him a great man of affairs are in him is a mere promise until he has taken hold of some kind of business and measured himself against men. The only road to self-knowledge and power lies through feeling and thinking into action. In action or experience only the man is wrought; there, and there only, he comes face to face with himself.

By action we not only create ourselves, but we create God for ourselves. The anchorite finds him in no other way; for his seclusion is in itself an act. The saint finds him in no other way; for self-denial, purity, and consecration are deeds, not feelings or thoughts. Truth is slowly distilled into men's hearts; for living is not primarily an intellectual, but a vital, process, and the greatest truths have come into the world, not through the door of the brain, but through the door of the heart. Love and loyalty, temptation and sin, self-denial and redemption, entered into the thoughts of men not by way of the philosophers but by the path that runs through every man's heart. We have come to know the greatest things because our hearts have been pierced by the great and terrible facts of life. Carlyle and Tennyson were once looking at the busts of Dante and Goethe in a shop window in London. "What is there in Dante's face that is not in Goethe's?" asked Carlyle. "The Divine," was Tennyson's prompt answer. That sense of the presence of the Infinite in all human affairs which gives Dante's face its wonderful impressiveness came not through thought only but through experience. It was born of solitude, deprivation, isolation, banishment. It came to him on the lonely stairs in the houses of strangers; it was revealed to him in the breaking of bread in an alien land. So came to Shakespeare the insight which, in the

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later plays, brought into clear view the higher processes of character and revealed such a deep and beautiful vision of life; so came Phillips Brooks's power of ministering to men and women of all degrees of experience and culture.

Life itself is the teacher of the prophets and poets, the saints and martyrs. We cannot silence our doubts by thinking; we cannot find God by searching; but we can do his will, and then we shall know his doctrine. We create God for ourselves, and we create ourselves by action, by passing through feeling to thought into the world of deeds. We keep in his presence by doing the work and living the life of faith. There is no baffling mystery about all this; for the clouds and darkness which surround a man do not make the path at his feet invisible or uncertain; and that path leads through rough places and smooth, sometimes in light and sometimes in darkness, to the summit. All that a man needs to do is to keep his feet in it. The road is as open to the humblest as to the greatest; and the most obscure often find themselves on those higher peaks where the divine vision is most distinct.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator is glad that on the day when a party of misguided Americans in the neighborhood of Toronto were literally dragging a British flag in the dust from the rear of their tal'y-ho and derisively insulting it, thousands of Americans were assembled about the beautiful parade grounds of the United States Army Post at Plattsburg applauding the red-coated Foot Guards of the Governor-General of Canada and the kilted Highland regiment from the Dominion as they marched past the reviewing stand in perfect line carrying the British flag and keeping step to the strains of the "British Grenadier" and a thrilling Scottish battle song. The Spectator was one of the host who, gathered at the central event of the week's celebration of the tercentenary of Samuel de Champlain's discovery of the beautiful sheet of water which bears his name, thus gave expression to their feelings. He rejoiced for that practical demonstration of what he believes is the feeling of the great majority of Americans for all the world. It also was for him the prompt illustration of the international fraternity of feeling voiced frequently at the celebration by the representatives of the three sovereignties, England, France, and the United States. It was indeed an illustration of the progress of civilization when the three peoples who had fought each other for the possession of the lake officially, could meet upon the former battlefields to praise each other's heroes, and two historic enemies could congratulate themselves that, for the first time in their histories, they would soon be able to celebrate a century of freedom from war with each other.

Never were conditions more favorable for such a celebration as that planned in honor of Champlain's discovery. Barring one day, the weather was perfect. Refreshing breezes swept through the gaps between the soft blue domes on either side of the lake, tempering the ardor of the sun's rays, while the air was of that crystalline clarity which exhilarates and draws from man involuntary exclamations of gladness for the fact of mere existence. Each day a pageant of great, snowy clouds swept across the deep blue sky, adding to the dreamy charm of the background of the celebration. The Spectator's manipulation of the pigments of language is not so perfect as was Turner's of paints; but he wishes it were, in order that he might convey an impression of the changing lights and shadows and tints which presented new combinations of color with every passing moment. From the moment the rays of the rising sun shot through the notches in the Green Mountains, informing the visitor that he or she must be up and doing if the event of the day was to be witnessed, until the golden afterglow had ceased to define the rounded heights of the Adirondacks and the amethystine tints of the mountain sides had deepened into the black shadow of night, each hour had a fresh temptation for the artist. The weather of the day which was the exception had its serious drawbacks. The multitude that visited Ticonderoga found to their disgust that the soil of that famous headland is

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clay. In the words of Governor Prouty, of Vermont, every one tested the soil of New York. The visitors understood perfectly when he concluded his brief remarks at Ticonderoga with the feeling sentence, "The mud which I carry away will remain sacred." It was on the clay slope of Ticonderoga that President Taft's automobile slid, to the dismay of those who saw the incident, and down which he afterward scrambled on foot to his boat with his usual unruffled feelings. Even this day, however, had its atmospheric compensations, for the low-lying wreaths of mist which occasionally draped the slopes of Mount Defiance helped one to picture Burgoyne pouring shot from them into Fort Ticonderoga, and the dark bellied, ominous-looking clouds which rolled down through the portal of Lake George were fascinating.

Before the celebration the Spectator wondered what its success would be from the point of view of numbers. The shores of the lake, he knew, were sparsely settled, and the hotels, he thought, could hardly be adequate for the accommodation of a large cloud of witnesses. If he had any misgivings on this score, they were dispelled on the morning of July 5, when he was caught in the swirl of men, women, and children and lunch-baskets attempting to board the steamer for the short sail across Bulwagga Bay to Crown Point. He does not know whence came the thousands who attended the various celebrations, nor how they reached the spots where these were held, but there they were. They swept down upon the shores of Champlain's lake like the hosts of Midian, and took possession of its points of vantage. All phases of society were represented, as one might expect, but there were some in the throng who interested the Spectator especially. On the steamboat which carried the visitors between Port Henry and Crown Point was a group of Magyar peasants, the kerchiefed heads of whose women-folk indicated the brevity of the period which had elapsed since their coming to America. One of them carried a suit-case, so the Spectator concluded they had boarded the wrong boat, for, thought he, how could they have become interested so early in an American historical event? With a view to correcting their error, he spoke to them. For his pains and to his intense pleasure, he found that he had been mistaken. They did know where they were going, and they had set forth to visit one of America's historical shrines. In what better way, said the Spectator to himself, can they get in touch with American life and history than by hearing the voices of some of her great men and seeing her relics?

Perhaps the Spectator may be prejudiced, for he spent three days with the Indians, but for him one of the most interesting features was the Indian representation of the story of Hiawatha, the reputed organizer of the Five Nations. In their pageant, given daily on a floating stage three hundred feet long, which was towed from place to place, they gave a dramatic portrayal of the subject of Senator Root's historical address. Amid the surroundings of a fortified Indian village, which included an elm-bark long house and elm bark tepees, set down in a grove of evergreens, one hundred and fifty Mohawks acted the story of the formation of the great Indian confederacy whose friendliness for the English, Senator Root pointed out in his historical address, was largely responsible for the fact that English rather than French is spoken south of the Canadian line. The tale depicted on Lake Champlain by the red men from Caughnawauga was not Longfellow's. It was explained to the Spectator that several tribes have myths about a personality bearing the name of Hiawatha who was of high character and ability and tried to lead his people toward the higher plane of civilization called Peace. According to the story of the play, which is woven around historical facts, Hiawatha, in his youth, desired to perform deeds which would add to the glory of his people. The life of a warrior seemed to be the way of accomplishing his purpose. The Great Spirit, however, in a revelation told him that the true road to prosperity and content was the way of peace. Thereafter he sought to maintain peace. His people were attacked by the Hurons and driven from the island which is now the

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seat of the city of Montreal, into the Champlain country, and later into the valley of the Mohawk, where the tribe received the name of Mohawk. Hiawatha set out to form a combination of the strongest tribes in the East, with the intention of creating a political confederacy which should be so strong that no alien tribe would venture to attack any of them. This is the prototype of the modern method of bringing about peace in business. History shows, and Senator Root indicated, that this confederation possessed a higher form of civilization than the scattered tribes around it. Its political forms were advanced. Its members depended upon agriculture for their food supply, rather than upon the less certain sources of fishing and hunting. They lived in fixed abodes—the long houses of elm bark. When Champlain and his white companions, in July, 1609, armed with guns, accompanied the Hurons and Algonquins along the shores of Lake Champlain, and launched bolts from their "firesticks" upon the Iroquois near Ticonderoga, to the discomfiture of the historic opponents of the Hurons, they unwittingly paved the way for the alliance of the Iroquois with the English, an alliance which ultimately led to the defeat of the French. This illustration of the great matters which are kindled by little fires was portrayed by the Indians with a zest that drew great audiences and held them spellbound. The thread of the story was strung with bright-colored beads which illustrated the manners and customs of the Indians. There were enacted the smoking of the peace pipe, stag and canoe races, a hunting contest, a corn festival (which is still celebrated at the harvest season by hundreds of pagan Indians in Canada), death chants, war dances, battles, sacrifices, and the ceremony of adoption.

If the pageant symbolizing the significance of Lake Champlain's part in the history of America interested the Spectator, he must confess that the descendants of the Iroquois who presented it interested him even more. Their ability and character were such as to help one to understand the civilization of their famous sires. Those who spoke English possessed a vocabulary and enunciated their words with a clarity which astonished the Spectator. Industrious, kindly, courteous, not a single angry or profane word did the Spectator hear uttered by an Indian during the three days that he spent in their company. Among those who took part in the pageant were a school teacher; grizzled veterans of the American Civil, the Boer, and other wars, who had won medals in the service; expert bridge-builders; and among the women, a young full-blooded Indian woman who is employed as a stenographer and typewriter in the main office of one of Canada's great railways. There were said to be descendants of Joseph Brant and Eunice Williams also among the performers. The evident enjoyment of the Indians in the presentation of their ceremonials gave these added interest. It was a proud moment when, in a sham battle, they swarmed up the slope of Ticonderoga, climbed over the parapet, scattering more than a hundred spectators, pulled down the flag, and, standing on the crest of the restored bastion, with a mighty shout waved their spears and bows in the face of the belated troops of the National Guard. The repetition of Ethan Allen's successful sally compensated them for their defeat by the guardsmen the previous day in the sham battle at Crown Point.

The pathways of commerce have changed since the days when history was made on the waters and headlands of Lake Champlain. The railway has robbed it of much of its importance as a highway. Doubtless never again will it be necessary to utilize upon its shores such mighty fortresses as Fort Amherst at Crown Point. Its ways hereafter shall be the ways of peace. In the words of Percy Mackaye uttered at Ticonderoga—

"So by my visionary shore,
Soldier and saint and Sagamore
Live in my shadow evermore;
Where lapt in beauty sleeps Champlain,
Lulled are the passion and the pain:
The legend and the race remain."

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HITTING THE DARK TRAIL

BY CLARENCE HAWKES

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the world of sunlight and shadow, of color and tint, was as suddenly obliterated for me as though the universe had been blotted out by a tremendous explosion, and the earth and the rest of the visible creation had in the thousandth part of a second returned to its component gases.

My friends have urged me at this twenty-fifth mile-stone to pause and recount for them the perils of the dark trail—in short, to outline the principal features of my life, and particularly the inner life of my world of darkness.

With much hesitancy I have consented to do so, not from a wish to advertise my own achievements, which have been small enough, but in the hope that my own slight successes in the literary world may encourage others who walk in the dark way, and also that the seeing multitudes may better understand our struggle and extend to us more readily the warm hand of brotherly love.

I was born in the wind-swept, picturesque little farming town of Goshen, Massachusetts, far up among the rugged Hampshire Hills. The first nine years of my life were as altogether monotonous, and at the same time wholly charming, as those of most farm-boys.

I was very early introduced to the hoe, the rake, the ax, and all the other farm implements of torture, and until the loss of my eyesight these weapons of the husbandman were always in my hands. I certainly loved them, for I put them up with the greatest care each night and took them down with reluctance in the morning, fearing that they might become worn, or possibly broken, in the course of the day's work. I can still remember with pleasure, because it is of the past, the merry sound of the whetstone on the scythe, the rhythmic whack, whack, of the ax, or the scratching of my hoe as it sought desperately among the rocks on our farm for soil with which to cover the potatoes and corn in planting time.

There were things, however, that I enjoyed upon this little rock-ribbed farm, and those were the wonders and beauties of nature. My own heart always opened with the opening of the buds, and the sweetness of life was exhaled from my being when the arbutus betrayed its whereabouts in the pasture-land by its fragrance.

Each spring, when the first majestic harrow of honking gray geese swept into sight, cleaving the southern sky, coming like a whirlwind, each powerful racer with its neck stretched out to its full length and the legs well up under, to escape the rush of the wind, my heart went mad with pounding at my ribs, and I swung my hat and shouted for joy. As long as the dim specks could be seen in the northern sky I gazed after them. Reluctantly, I took up my hoe when the last faint speck had disappeared, sighing regretfully, Why wasn't I made a goose?

Being so much out of doors, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, I was always and forever prying into the secrets of nature, eavesdropping in field and forest, hearing many things that were not intended for me primarily; yet was no harm done. The hermit thrush did not mind though I overheard the wonderful love story that he really intended for the ear of his wife. Birds' eggs hatched just as well even if I did peep into the nest each time I discovered that the mother-bird was not at home. As long as I did not start a collection of birds' eggs the joy in the nest was complete.

When I was nine years old came the first serious break in the happy though hard-working life of the farm-boy.

I was coming home from school, on a wonderful June afternoon, when, without warning or previous trouble, my left ankle crippled down under me and for a few minutes I could not walk at all. Finally the strength came back to it and I limped painfully home. All through that night I tossed upon my pillows, racked by tortuous pains in my ankle. The following morning the doctor pronounced my leg in a critical condition, saying that amputation might possibly be necessary.

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Then began weeks of pain which was so intense that it finally culminated in delirium. My recollection of these days is very indistinct, for in my delirium strange shapes drifted in at the open window and I often clutched the air with my thin hands to catch imaginary butterflies that existed only in my confused consciousness. One companion there was whom I always enjoyed during these weeks of torment, and that was a wonderful Jack rose which climbed up and peeped in at my bedroom window to see how the little sick boy was.

One day late in July the regular physician was accompanied by a surgeon, and, as a result of their counsel, a few minutes later the merry summer winds caught the scent of ether at the bedroom window and wafted it into the orchard, where the haymakers were busy.

When the small boy limped painfully back to health, it was on crutches, for the long sickness had claimed one of his limbs. It was during the next two or three years, creeping about on crutches while my playmates ran, that I learned the very hard lesson of getting enjoyment and even enthusiasm out of the achievements of others, while self played a minor part. To stand on the coaching line and shout one's self hoarse for the boy who has just made the home run which you by rights should have made takes a peculiar kind of courage—a fortitude that it is hard for a boy to acquire. It strikes at the very heart of his ego, and makes him at once an outsider among his fellows.

But the boundless enthusiasm of youth for sport, and the very vital energy of youth, which dies hard, stood me in good stead at this time, and I soon threw away my crutches and returned to all of my out-of-doors activities, although I was no match for my fellows in the more boisterous games. But if they outstripped me in the playground, I amply avenged all my defeats there in the school-room, so there was compensation, after all.

Much of my life from the time that I was nine until I was thirteen I spent in field and forest. The quiet pastime of nature study and deep enjoyment of the sweet fields and forests were always mine, and, being denied some of my natural boyish activities, this study became a passion with me. I little imagined then what good stead my nature study would stand me later, for it was destined to be my world, in which I should find my deepest joy after the black curtain of darkness had fallen.

Fishing, boating, botanizing, berrying, nutting, and forest rambling in all seasons were my delight, and in those happy days I exposed hundreds of films in my brain-cells—pictures of spring, summer, autumn, and winter—which I have since developed and given to my readers with such startling distinctness that few lovers of my books ever know that I have not seen these things with my physical sight for over twenty-five years.

On August 12, 1883, for me the world of light and shade, of distance and perspective, of tint and hue, was suddenly blotted out, and a meaningless black void took its place.

It was a hot, suffocating summer's day. I can remember, as though it were yesterday, just how the heat shimmered and vibrated, and what a yellow, sickly glare there was over all the landscape. It was a day that delights the heart of the cicada—that is, if he has a heart—and the air was filled with his harsh, rasping notes.

I was hunting woodcock with my father in a dense black-ash and alder swamp. The place was a very labyrinth of swamp growth, and almost impenetrable. Towards noon I sat down for a few moments under a friendly tree, and my father went into a cover near by to work it for woodcock. Presently I heard the quick whistling whir of a woodcock's wing, and almost at the same instant there was the loud report of my companion's gun.

In the same fraction of a second that I heard the report a horrible sickness seized me, and it seemed as though a score of fiery darts had been thrust into my face and eyes, each red hot and stinging me with pain, like the attack of a legion of gigantic hornets. Then blessed oblivion, which always comes when pain becomes too great for us to bear, enfolded me.

The next thing that I remembered I was lying in the tall grass by the stream while some one sopped brook water in my face with a handkerchief. The intolerable August sun beat down upon me with heat like that from a furnace. Each one of my twenty-eight small wounds burned like

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traditional "hell fire," and the firm earth swayed and rocked as my senses swam and reeled beneath their heavy load.

Somewhere in the open I could hear that miserable cicada still shrilling, and far away in the deep woods the faint calling of crows.

Finally, after lying in the grass for a few minutes and getting back a little of my strength, I got to my feet with my father's assistance, and we started back to our team, which was two miles away, hitched by the roadside, for we were several miles from home.

The hour that I spent in tramping back to the team, through impenetrable swamp and across rough pasture-land, through deep woods and tangles of blackberry vines, wild grape vines, and clematis, was the hardest that I ever passed. Suffice it to say that I at last dropped by the wagon in another swoon.

Upon a fevered pillow I tossed for several weeks, during which time my most vivid impression was that I was the historic Prince Arthur, and that my cruel uncle had burned my eyes out; and then I crawled slowly back to life, to begin all over, at the age of fourteen, almost as though I had not already got a good start upon life's weary way.

I remember one morning early in October I groped my way to my bedroom window and threw it wide open to drink in the delicious crisp autumn air. How pungent and how sweet it was, with that indescribable scent of faded flowers and dead leaves!—that fragrance which is the life secret of plant and shrub, and which it exhales only at death, just as our human body gives up the soul at last.

The air was filled with autumn sounds. There was the chatter of a red squirrel upon the stone wall, and I knew he had come to rob the old butternut tree. Robins were uttering their quick, sharp call notes, which I knew denoted that they were flocking for the fall migration. Jays were squalling in the distant corn-fields, and the crows were calling in the far-away woods. How well I knew the scene before me!—the stretch of the fields again green with the autumn rowen, the corn-field beyond, with its hundreds of shocks making it look for all the world like an Indian village of many wigwams, and beyond it the forest, the flaming reds and bright yellows of the hard woods and the deep blue-green of the pine and spruce, and above all the ragged sky-line, at this time of year a hazy, smoky blue.

Then, in contrast to this picture in my mind, I fell to comparing it with the world in which I now lived. The tantalizing fragrance of ripe grapes was in my nostrils, so I reached out and touched a bunch. I got upon a chair, and, by standing upon tiptoe, could barely touch the low ceiling of my bedroom. That was my sky now, and so much of the universe as I could reach with the sweep of my short arm would be my world henceforth. To what pitiful compass had my world shrunk! Then I leaned my head against the window casing, and tried to think it out. What did it all mean, why had it happened, and what could I do with this remnant of my life which fate had seen fit to leave me? The more I considered, the more hopeless it seemed. The whole mighty universe, black as ink and as heavy as lead, seemed at that moment to be laid upon my slight shoulders. A veritable mountain of weight upon so small and weak an Atlas.

For six months I thought upon this knotty problem with my throbbing temples in my hands, and at the end of that time seemed no nearer its solution than I had been at first. Then my parents sent me to Perkins Institute, and I found in work a panacea for all my troubles. When I entered the school, not a ray of hope for the future penetrated the dark cloud that enshrouded me, but in a few weeks even the cloud itself was nearly dissipated. For four pleasant years I labored, and little by little rebuilt my world that had been so shattered. But one had to begin almost at the foot of the ladder and substitute new methods for old, and where I had run recklessly before, I now had to walk more circumspectly. Much of the old freedom was, of course, lost; but here it was that patience, that magical Aladdin's lamp that I always conjure, came to my aid; and at this point I must introduce the reader to my rule of three, with which I can work out almost any perplexing problem of life, and which has carried me over many a hard place. This is my rule of the three P's, which stand for Patience,

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Perseverance, and Pluck, all spelled with capitals. Without them no blind person can make a success of life, and they are really the watchwords of every truly great human life.

At the end of four years I graduated from Perkins Institute, being valedictorian of the class, and the following year went back for a post-graduate course in music and literary branches, while at the same time I studied oratory with teachers from the Emerson School, and also began reading law. But about the middle of the school year I fell a victim to la grippe, and was obliged to give up my studies for a while and return to my home in Cummington, Massachusetts (the birthplace of the poet Bryant).

Here, in the spring of 1891, partly to amuse myself, and also because I could not help it, I began writing verses for country newspapers. At the same time I began lecturing to country audiences upon various literary subjects, including a lecture upon the life and work of the blind. For three years I lectured and sold poems to editors who did not want them, and at the end of that time was making a fair living at that precarious business.

In 1895 I published my first volume of verses, which went out of print in a few months, netting me over a thousand dollars. All of my editor friends said that it was luck, but I knew better—it was the three P's again.

From 1895 to 1900 I published five volumes of poems, which netted me about three thousand dollars, which, together with my lectures, made a fair income for one who lived in the country and who did not care for luxuries.

In 1902 I published my first animal story book, which was an instantaneous success, and since that time I have published eight other books along the same lines.

In this work my early training afield has stood me in good stead. In fact, there is no phase of nature, and no habit of bird or squirrel, or of any of the little denizens of field and forest, that I do not feel perfectly confident to describe from my boyhood acquaintance with them. I have written twelve books in all upon these subjects, and I do not feel that I have yet nearly exhausted the reservoir of my boyhood observations of these little sky creatures.

It was partly because of my impatience of those all about me who had eyes yet saw not, ears yet heard not, that I took up this work. In this manner I am able to reconcile my fate with the maxim that "all things work together for good."

If it was my lot to lose my sight that I might stop to consider the things that I had seen, and then in turn point these things out to my friends who had eyes yet saw not, then had the dark curtain not fallen in vain.

"How is it," people often ask me, "that without eyesight you can describe all the minutiæ of nature so vividly and correctly? You have not seen these things for over a quarter of a century, and I should think that you would forget."

No, I have not forgotten, but I doubt if it is all memory in the sense that we usually consider it. It is sense impression, pictures upon the retina of the mind, sensitive plates which were exposed many years ago, impressions builded into the brain cells, that just the right sound or scent, or touch of wind, or vibration of sunlight, will flash upon the screen, more vivid than when first seen, because now beheld in darkness.

The first whiff of arbutus in the spring brings an instantaneous picture of the pasture-land where I drove cows as a small boy. I can see each stump, each bush, each rock, just as they were then.

I never smell apple blossoms but that I see the old balloon-topped apple tree that stood in the back yard of the old farm-house. The morning sunlight falls aslant through its pink-and-white boughs, and the sunbeams are refracted in all their rainbow tints, while the whole glows and shimmers, like a wonderful cloud of pink-and-white loveliness.

The lap of water against the bow of my canoe always brings to mind a wonderful woodland lake, shimmering and dancing, and at the same time reflecting the fleecy clouds in its transparent depths.

To scuff in the dead leaves of autumn brings again to mind the dreamy blue haze of Indian summer, with its tented corn-fields, gay with golden pumpkins, and the flaming forest of red and gold, orange and saffron, all intensely vibrant with the

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camp-fires of autumn. The smell of witch hazel suggests the roadside where those delicious nuts grew so plentifully, and where I often loitered as a boy. With the moaning of the November winds come the grays and the dull browns of the dying year.

The birds, the squirrels, and all the little four-footed creatures of the wood I know in the same manner. The sweet silver "Cheerily, cheerily" of the bluebird always suggests his bright little coat, the only bit of color in the whole cheerless landscape, as he perches upon the utmost twig of elm or maple and tells the cheerless world that spring has come.

Thus sounds suggest pictures, both vital and vibrant with color, and the sunbeam and the wind are messengers from the outer world to my inner self.

Such memories as those which I possess are a part of the heart and mind; impressions builded into my being, as the wind and the cold build strength into the heart of the oak, and as the sunbeam builds its own bright colors into bud and blossom.

So my inner self is a wonderful world of Junes and Octobers, that come and go in sympathy with the passing year; but my June is always just a little ahead of the real June, for the heart anticipates its own joys and the mind builds its own castles in Spain.

But with the bleak months it is different, for winter robs me of many of the things in the outer world that are my deepest joy.

But when the sap mounts in the heart of the sugar maple, then the blood mounts in my veins, and when the new buds swell, then all my being sings for joy, for I know that a new miracle is at hand, and I hasten to get in line with all this glad impulse, that I may be first to hear the glad rush of a myriad tiny feet, as the fairies of springtime come trooping back northward.

So, you see, my memory of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, of the wind, the clouds, and all the sweet manifestations of nature, are really as natural and beautiful as the unfolding of the new buds. I do not study nature, but simply let her unfold in my heart, for she is all-powerful, and I am still the little child.

Is it any wonder that I can describe nature fairly well, when the whole world is inside me? I do not have to look here or there, or up or down, but just inside.

One living in a world of darkness, with few external things to distract him, tends to introspection. In these hours of silence and darkness I have discovered many things that I might not have thought of outside in the busy world.

To lighten the load upon the shoulders of humanity just a little seems to me the best worth while of anything that a human being can do.

Nor is mere happiness, gratification of sense and sentiment, the ultimate aim of man. To fulfill that for which one was born, to struggle against great odds, to snatch victory from the very teeth of defeat—these are the things that are worth while. My life is a very busy one. Each year I write one or two new books, thirty or forty magazine and newspaper articles, and do considerable lecturing. In the out-of-doors season I sandwich in fishing, boating, baseball games, and many other out-of-door pastimes. I mean to so order my life that no season of the year shall find me without plenty of both work and play.

Life to me is a struggle that is infinitely worth while. The harder the battle, the greater the victory. The steeper and higher the mountain, the more delectable the summit. If my life has known its full complement of shadows, perhaps the sunlight has been all the brighter. If I have achieved little, yet it has been done under difficulties, which will encourage all those who struggle in hard places.

One of my quatrains is a great favorite with my friend Helen Keller, whose life is such an inspiration. I shall simply need to quote it to have you understand why she likes it:

Even the little waves that idly dance
Against the cliff will crumble it to sand;
And so with ceaseless toil the slightest hand
May wear away the walls of circumstance.

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SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE—THE EAR

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Take heed therefore how ye hear.—Luke viii. 18.

HOW to hear is as important as what we hear. Every public speaker recognizes this truth. For to the speaker there is as much difference in audiences as to the audiences there is in speakers. Some are not audiences; they are merely congregations; the speaker has to compel their attention. Others bring their attention with them. This is the charm of a college congregation: it is composed of men and women who come to get something, and therefore listen from the opening sentence. When I first went to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to succeed Henry Ward Beecher, it was with great apprehension. I found him an easy man to follow, for I spoke to a congregation trained to listen, and their habit of expectancy inspired the preacher. Who has not discovered this in society, where a good listener is as good a member as a good talker? Who has not labored with a dinner companion whose eyes no less than his monosyllabic words said plainly, I am not listening?

A book is a speaker; reading is listening. Take heed how you read is as important as Take heed what you read. The Germans have a proverb that reading is an excuse for not thinking. Some one has characterized a certain type of book as a stop-thought. Sometimes one wants an excuse for not thinking; sometmes one wants a stop-thought. The wearied mother, pulled in a score of contradictory directions by conflicting demands, gets ten minutes for repose. This is a time, not for thought, but for rest. But the overcrowded brain will not rest if it is left alone. She must find for it occupation enough to keep it from serious occupation. She wants a stop-thought. The business or professional man whose brain has toiled in the office for eight or ten hours needs sleep. But his brain has acquired a momentum and will not instantly stop. He wants a book that will make it slow down. There is use for what Thackeray has called a "night-cap." Such reading is as useful as a game of solitaire.

But the reading that is more than mere brain rest must be reading for a purpose and with attention. Books have been divided into two classes: books of information and books of power. Books which neither give information, that is the material for thought, nor power, that is inspiration to thought, are useless except as entertainment. And reading which neither confers useful information nor new access of intellectual power is useless reading, except as it gives needed rest. It is often said that we are a reading people. That proves nothing. Are we a thinking people? It is sometimes said by a fond mother of her boy that he is a great reader. That is nothing. Is he a great thinker? Reading is a help to thought. The reading that is not a help to thought is time wasted. The boy who is reading and not thinking would much better be out at play with his fellows.

I wish that when I was young I had formed the habit of keeping a journal. Not for the purpose of recording my experiences—religious or other. Such journal-keeping is pernicious; it produces a habit of self-centered thought, of spiritual egotism, which makes the religious hypochondriac. But for the purpose of recording the thoughts which my reading had awakened. Such a journal-keeping serves the purpose of a recitation in school; it compels one to think about what he has read. One cannot write his thoughts without thinking, and it is to promote thinking that one should read. Carlyle put this excellently well in one of his recently published letters to Jane Welsh:

"There is nothing more injurious to the faculties than to keep poring over books continually without attempting to exhibit any of our own conceptions. We amass ideas, it is true; but at the same time we proportionately weaken our power of expressing them; a power equally valuable with that of conceiving them,

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and which though in some degree like it the gift of Nature, is in a far higher degree the fruit of art, and so languishes the more irretrievably by want of culture. Besides, our very conceptions, when not taken up with the view of being delineated in writing, are almost sure to be vague and disorganized; a glimpse of the truth will often satisfy mere curiosity equally with a full view of it; so hallucinations are apt to be substituted for perceptions; and even if our materials were all individually accurate, yet being gathered together from every quarter, and heaped into an undistinguished mass, they form at last an unmanageable chaos, serving little purpose except to perplex and cumber the mind that lives among them—to make it vacillating, irregular, and very unhappy—at least if it have not the fortune to be a pedant's mind—who I believe is generally a very cheerful character." [1]

It is the manner in which we read the daily papers quite as much as their contents which makes them of doubtful utility. We pay a penny for a mass of printed matter in which valuable information and rubbishy gossip are thrown together. We look at the headlines; read here and there a paragraph; smile at a joke; shudder at a tragedy; and then throw the sheet down. It is doubtful whether fifteen minutes after we could report what we have read, and it is certain that we do not often spend fifteen minutes' thought upon it. We call this skimming the paper. But what we skim off is not the cream from a pan of nourishing milk, but the froth from a pot of none too pure beer. Such reading is worse than a waste of time; it is a waste of brain power. Reading inattentively what does not deserve attention makes the habit of attention more difficult. What has gone in at one ear has gone out at the other; and as a rule what goes in at one ear and goes out at the other would better never have gone in. It is true that we are a reading people; but it is also true that we are an inattentive people. We read without thinking.

Nor is this reading without thinking confined to the newspapers. "All people," says Thackeray, "who have natural healthy appetites love sweets; all children, all women, all Eastern people whose tastes are not corrupted by gluttony and strong drink. . . . Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clever, hard-headed men." I agree with Thackeray. I have no sympathy with the Puritan hostility to fiction. But the schoolgirl who makes her luncheon off chocolate caramels is poorly nourished physically. And if she makes novels her staple mental diet, she is poorly nourished intellectually. Moreover, there are adulterated novels as there are adulterated candies. There is enough classical fiction in the world well worth reading and re-reading to make resort to trash unnecessary for recreation. I may add that the wise parent will not attempt to stop her children from reading fiction. She may limit it; if she is wise she will certainly guide it. The child who is familiar with the "Jungle Stories" will not readily drop back to — But I will not advertise them. The best precaution against trash is a course of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling. Of course this does not begin to exhaust the list of novelists whose works are well worth reading. They are worth reading because they are worth thinking about. For he who reads a work of imagination profitably will endeavor to image to himself the scene, or the incident, or the character described. Fiction is worth reading only as we make it real to ourselves. Only that fiction is worth reading which it is worth while to make real to ourselves. Reading that is an excuse for not thinking is, except occasionally for the over-tired brain, unprofitable reading, even though it is fiction that we read.

Religious reading is sometimes made an excuse for not thinking. In fact, unthinking reading of religious literature is perhaps the worst of all unthinking reading. The Protestant looks with self-satisfied pity upon the Roman Catholic who repeats the Pater Noster and keeps account of the number of the repetitions by her beads. But how is it better to read a chapter of the Bible and impute it to ourselves for righteousness? It is not the amount of the Scripture we read which profits; it is the amount of thinking which we give to the reading. One man reads a chapter a day. Monday morning he reads the

[1] The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, Vol. I, 37.

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fifth chapter of Matthew. This religious duty done, he closes the book and turns to other themes which interest him more. His neighbor reads one verse in the same chapter—"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." "Is it," he says to himself, "the meek who inherit the earth?" He goes out to study life and see what comment life makes on Christ's teaching. What he sees is the greedy and the grasping getting the earth. He is puzzled; turns the text over and over in his mind; compares it again and again with life. The promise and the perplexity to which it has given rise mix in his subconscious thinking. Gradually he perceives that while the greedy and the grasping get possession of the earth, it is not they who get enjoyment out of it. Suddenly it comes to him that to inherit is not to earn; it is not to acquire; it is to receive as a free gift. He looks again at life, and as he looks gradually it comes to him that the grasping and the greedy do not enjoy what they possess; that they are not blessed in their possessing; that he who gives his energies and enthusiasms, not to acquisition, but to service, and accepts as a free gift that which life gives him, is the one who enjoys life. And he has got more out of one verse of Scripture which he has read and thought about than his neighbor got out of an entire chapter which he read as an excuse for not thinking.

Take heed how ye read.

THE BLACK HAND AND THE IMMIGRANT

BY ROBERT WATCHORN

OF all the arguments against immigration in general, and against certain classes of immigrants in particular, none has touched a more popular chord than that which has singled out the "Blackhanders" as examples of undesirability. They are undesirable, and their exclusion is very greatly to be desired. The efforts of any body of citizens in favor of legislative enactments adequate to deal with the question of excluding *all* lawlessly inclined aliens are in the highest sense patriotic and commendable. But is it either wise or just to use the term "Black Hand" (a synonym for outlawry, blackmail, and assassination) as a prejudgment against all immigrants, and thus punish the industrious, the thrifty, and the eminently desirable? Because, forsooth, a comparatively few of their kind are prone to be a law unto themselves and to do infamous deeds, shall we discredit a whole nationality? We have had in their turn cliques of Russian Nihilists, the society of Anarchists, the Molly Maguires, Armenian Hunchakists, and Italian Blackhanders, and, not unnaturally, during each period in which one or the other of them was much in the public eye the race or nationality with which they were identified was made to bear the brunt of popular disapproval of their admission to these shores.

Time, that inexorable rectifier of wrong judgments, has already demonstrated beyond all peradventure that in the heated controversies incident to the desirability or undesirability of Russian and Irish and other immigrants great injustice was done to the general character of those races. The "Molly Maguires" were disowned and condemned by all law-abiding Irishmen, and the noisy declamations of the Anarchistic group of Russians were not more discordant and hateful to any of our citizens than to the great body of those who were once the subjects of the Czar; nor has industry, thrift, and patriotism reached a finer development than in them and their descendants. Both of these lawless groups have long ago bowed in forced or voluntary submission to the

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properly constituted authorities, as all lawless elements must inevitably bow.

To amend the immigration law in order that the criminal law may thereby be made easier to enforce would be making a considerable and permanent detour to get around a temporary difficulty, and one not likely to augment the merits of our statutes or unduly to emphasize the resourcefulness of the police authorities.

The Legislature will undoubtedly act on its own patient inquiry of the facts; and the police, with its ever-increasing efficiency, may be depended on in due time to render the Blackhander of to-day as innocuous as are the Anarchists and Molly Maguires of former days. The case of the Blackhanders is not exactly on "all fours" with the other two cases cited. The analogy consists chiefly in the propensity to disregard all law in the putting into effect their own notions as to the manner in which they shall collect from society the living which they insist the "world owes" them. The Blackhander is averse to any and all kinds of hard work. That popular song of a few years ago, "Everybody Works but Father," might have been specially written for him. His principal occupation is that of inquiring diligently into the circumstances of his compatriots and then laying tribute on them by such means as in his judgment will most readily exact the revenue demanded. When his demands are not promptly met, he resorts to further devices to enforce compliance with his terms, his ultimatum being the sending of a black glove to his victim, an act generally recognized as the precursor of drastic punishment, and probably of death.

The term "Black Hand" is presumably derived from the use made of the black glove, as above cited, and has come to be recognized as a term representing a class which is a modern element holding itself not subject to the ordinary processes of law.

The view of the average Blackhander is so morally perverted that he not only collects tribute from his victims (who pay in fear and trembling), but he smiles on them benignly, as though to extort, in addition to their cash, exclamations of sincere gratitude that he permits them to live.

"The power to tax is the power to destroy," and such power can be properly exercised only by the State. Indeed, the State's claim to sovereignty demands a most jealous guarding of this function, and this includes the merciless suppression of any and all sorts of usurpers.

Blackhandism is a usurpation of the function of the tax-gatherer. Blackhanders have an arbitrary method of levying on their victims. Equity gives them no concern. The amount of the levy is determined by the immediate needs of the assessors and the ability of the assessed to make payment. Failure to gain compliance does not involve them in any of the inconveniences which are known under the euphonious phrase of the legal fraternity, "the process of law." No, indeed; they do not distrain; eviction is no part of their programme; they follow up the sending of the black glove by dealing out black death and swift devastation, for the dual purpose of immediately punishing the present delinquent and filling with fear their future victims.

The complete suppression of such an enemy of law and order is worthy of the best efforts of all sections of society, and, whatever the instrumentality that serves this worthy end, it will duly receive the undying gratitude of all who believe in and are loyal subjects of the "Reign of Law."

Having thus characterized the Blackhanders (a just and wholly warranted characterization), may we not next inquire how formidable they are, whence they come, and why they seek a domicile here?

An enthusiastic supporter of a popular candidate for high office informed the candidate that his election in a certain State would be well-nigh unanimous; but the candidate wanted proof of this encouraging forecast, and, on being told that the demonstrativeness of the electorate indicated it, he said: "A friend of mine once went to see a frog pond in which were said to be a million frogs. After much investigation, a census of the frog pond showed two large and unmelodious frogs, which led the party who had declared that a million frogs were there to remark: 'Well! I am greatly surprised at the numerical inaccuracy of my estimate, but what they lack in numbers is more than

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counterbalanced by the noise they make.'" This story may not be a correct analogy of the Black Hand situation, but the latter is infinitely less of a problem from a numerical standpoint than it is popularly supposed to be; and this class of offender is far more susceptible of elimination from society than many apprehensive people imagine. His Majesty the King of Italy stated to the writer a little more than a year ago that the so-called Black Hand, Mafia, or Camorra had no tangible existence, no recognizable organization, and that therefore the Italian Government was not competent to do what many misinformed persons urged it to do, *i. e.*, to exterminate the *society* of the Black Hand.

To quote him precisely: "The Black Hand, whatever that may be, is an atmosphere, an intangible and an indefinable something, which, like baneful insects doing damage to horticulture, etc., fastens itself on society until a specific is found for its eradication." Both the King and the Premier expressed the emphatic view that the emigration of a lawless Italian was incomparably a worse thing for Italy than for any other country, for Italy's international reputation was made or marred by the conduct of her sons and daughters abroad.

Italy prefers to be judged by her useful, industrious sons and daughters, and will exert her fullest powers to limit her emigration to the latter class. That both King and Premier were earnest and sincere there could be no doubt, for, viewed quite apart from their exalted character and station, the force of logic was unquestionably with them.

Whether we denominate the Black Hand as an "atmosphere" or regard it as an entity of any other form does not alter the fact of its existence—the august authorities above quoted did not disclaim its intangible existence. On the contrary, there was not wanting a note of acknowledgment that a deplorable situation existed such as called for the increasing attention of the Italian Government.

The less forceful but more fruitful of the Italian middle class and peasantry have been victimized for many decades by the same element which we know as Blackhanders, but America never heard anything of them or their evil ways until Italians in America had become a force to be reckoned with and numerous enough to rank numerically with the great alien forces in our population. When the Sicilian Blackhander and his Neapolitan neighbor saw their victims emigrating to America, and thus found their coffers divested of their monthly replenishment, what was more natural than that they should also emigrate in order that they might continue to make demands upon their departing compatriots in their new environments? One never hears of an Italian shopkeeper refusing the "reasonable" demands of the Camorra, *in Italy;* hence the comparative freedom from overt acts by the Blackhander there. Why is it that a change takes place on the western shore of the Atlantic? The outlaw and the victim know each other here, as they knew each other there. What, then, has caused the strained relationship here? Surely it is not the lessened ability of the victims to meet these unlawful demands, for their assets are in fact greatly increased, as attested by their almost incredibly large deposits in the savings banks. What, then, is the reason? A reason precisely similar to that which reduced the Anarchists of Russia and other lands (who were terrible scourges at home) to a condition of utter impotence in America. An Americanized Italian will not pay unlawful tribute.

The Blackhander cannot find a permanent resting-place here, any more than the Anarchist (who preceded him) could follow here his wild vaporings with profit. The atmosphere here is not congenial to that kind of method, and therefore the more vigorous the warfare waged against it, the more quickly will it disappear.

The Italian Government deplores the presence here of lawless Italians, the Italians of the orderly class (and the latter constitute more than ninety-nine per cent of the total Italian population) are relentlessly opposed to them, and the American people do not want them—all of which conduces to their speedy riddance.

But how do they come here, if the Italian Government is opposed to their emigration? I asked the Italian Premier that same question, and he replied: "Such Italians do not *emigrate*, for they could

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not obtain the necessary passport. But they do abscond, much to our annoyance and regret. They surreptitiously leave Italy via Switzerland, and thence go to the maritime sections of Europe, where they find shipment as sailors or stokers, on freight steamers, from which they find no difficulty in deserting at an American port by abusing their 'shore leave,' and thus they gain a domicile among their fellow-countrymen, whom they design to plunder." It is true that the immigration laws and regulations are designed to prevent the admission of criminals—actual convicts—and since 1907 even those who admit having committed a crime; but comparatively few immigrants have ever been deported for this cause, and a large percentage of those actually deported as convicts were convicted for what would be regarded here as minor offenses. The real criminal, the actual foe of society, does not enter as an immigrant; or, if he does, he frustrates the designs of the law by a studied concealment of the facts and a wanton and flagrant averment of what is false; which he will continue to do under any system which omits the necessity of his producing a penal certificate, or rather a passport, which states specifically that he has, or has not, been a criminal in his own country.

A force of inspectors will probably eventually be assigned to the specific duty of inspecting all ships' crews (foreign crews); and such a step, at no matter what cost, will be an unquestioned economy, as it will correct a very obvious and important defect in our immigration statutes.

Newspapers not infrequently embarrass the Government and aid lawlessness by premature publication of news relating to impending action in Black Hand cases. This is done as a matter of rivalry, of course, and without desire or intention to thwart the Government, but it is nevertheless more important that a pronounced enemy of society should be lawfully deprived of his liberty than that an evening edition of a great publication should "scoop" its morning rival, or *vice versa*.

An eminent police authority has frequently expressed the opinion that the deportation of from twenty to fifty Italian criminals from New York would result in the absolute elimination of the Black Hand element from that city. A like ratio of the Italian population of other cities would give the aggregate number of actual Italian criminals whose deportation ought to be accomplished in the interest of the thrifty and law-abiding Italian element in the United States, and for the welfare of all concerned.

There is another class of Italians (and other nationalities) which deserves careful attention in this respect; *i. e.*, those who, though never having been convicted at home, and thus entitled to a passport of good character, nevertheless manifest a lawless disposition after residing here for a time—a few months or years. The mandatory removal from the United States of any alien who abuses his domicile by committing a crime involving moral turpitude within three years of his admission is as requisite and necessary as that of removing one who has committed a crime prior to emigrating. Such forcible expulsions cannot be fully accomplished until the law compels all aliens to prove their right to remain, rather than to compel the Government to prove its right to expel; at least this principle must be applied to the question of period of domicile. To omit it is to make all alien criminals arbiters of their own period of residence here, rendering the forces of law and order impotent (in so far as this question is concerned) and the enemies of society triumphant.

The millions of men and women from other lands who are industrious, law-abiding, and successful in all parts of this favored, happy land will rejoice over such a felicitous consummation no less sincerely and heartily than those pillars of society, those lovers and defenders of the flag and the Constitution, the names of whose ancestry illumine the pages of our earliest history and ornament that priceless document, the Declaration of Independence.

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THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

"THE poetry of earth is never dead," nor is it ever entirely absent from any corner of hill or plain, of desert or seashore. Everywhere under the bending sky, on the responsive land and sea, everywhere Poetry moves; and the beat of her unseen feet may be heard by us all. But, nevertheless, there are certain spots where she haunts most persistently, where she takes up her abode, as it were—if anything so evanescent may be said to have an abode. The edge of the woods is one of these places of the lingering of the spirit that never was.

Mountain woods, I mean, that clothe the summit of some mighty hill. They lie all unbroken and undiscovered across the high crest and the massive shoulders—secret, unthinkable, a close realm of old wilderness. But, sweeping on down toward the valley, they pause, suddenly, as if smitten aware of a dangerous tendency; and hang arrested above the steep fields where the presence of man is all too evident. It is in this broken, withholding edge, as one looks up at it from the valley, that the poetry of earth seems to me to hover peculiarly.

As one looks up at it from the valley. One should not go there, I think, in the flesh. Its very significance lies in its distance and secrecy. How dark the shadow lies all along behind the outermost, venturing, pausing trees—a fathomless gloom, yet one that invites the vision to enter as far as it may, as far as it possibly may! One accepts the challenge, and makes daring raids into the mystery, biding one's time till the level sunlight may help the vision; but one never gets very far at the best, never very far. What is it that lurks and withdraws before one's baffled gaze? The ancient wizardry of the forest, hinting so much of its presence to us in token that Pan is not dead, after all, but denying us full apprehension? All the wildness and sternness of nature is there, and all the delicacy, and all the fleeing mockery. Beautiful as a deer's is the poise of those arrested trees, nesitating. Be sure they will never advance!

The bodily foot may not climb to the woods, nor may even the bodily vision pierce very far among them; but the spirit may enter them when it will, and wander them through and through. This liberty is unfailing and absolute in a greater degree than many permissions which one receives of life. One has only to fold the hands, sitting at peace in the valley below, and dwell with the eyes on that shadowy edge, giving one's self over to the spell; and presently one is admitted, enwrapped, beyond all following of the senses, in an enchanted world.

A far-off wood which one visits thus knows nothing of the ordinary conventions of time and place. It knows its lovers, that is all; and one may meet any and every spirit wandering among the trees. Dante and Virgil, of course; one never takes many steps without finding them—beautiful comrades, hand in hand, bound in their tenderest of relations, their perfect friendship. Sir Galahad, too, comes riding by, his face uplifted in ecstasy—

> "Between dark stems the forest glows,
> I hear a noise of hymns;"

and Rosalind and Orlando jest feelingly with their love. It is a tolerant wood, it does not hesitate to admit Don Quixote to the exalted company of Sir Galahad; and Puck and Ariel wing their way among the whispering leaves. Endymion wanders, all bemused and daft with his longing; Comus has betaken himself

> "to this ominous wood,
> And, in thick shelter of black shades embowered,
> Excels his mother at her mighty art."

A strange assortment of people to meet on a New England hillside! But they excite no surprise, they belong as perfectly to the wood as the hermit thrushes. Nor do they intrude on the solitude which is the soul of a forest, the best boon which it has to bestow. They are themselves solitude. Who shall say what spirit voices

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may utter those hints which come so thrillingly to us out of the silence of nature, those dim surmises, only half apprehended but wholly divine, those vague assurances? We are wont to think of them as the expression—of what? Of the mountains themselves? Of the Spirit of Solitude? But there is the touch of a soul on a soul in the rapturous communion.

Our own human nature must needs be an abiding marvel to us, if we are reasonable. It is such a curious working, and seemingly so very perverse, that that which we cannot fully know, can only guess at, should have power to thrill us beyond all our ascertained knowledge—dear and desirable though the latter may be. We visit the lower woods day by day. They are wonderful, potent, all-but-satisfying. They awe us, allure us, we cannot resist the call of them when they bid us come. Nor do they ever reveal themselves entirely to us either; they are wise with the wisdom of their kind. There is nothing that holds its spell like a wood—unless it may be the sea. But, nevertheless, the fact that our feet have trod so often the mossy ways without leading us yet to the Holy Grail does serve, all unconsciously, to fetter our high expectation. We know what we shall find, and it is good beyond any telling; we know also that we shall often happen upon new, unexpected treasure. But not the Holy Grail; no, alas! not the Holy Grail. That waits aloft in the higher wood, and we may glimpse it, shining behind the shadowy edge, beckoning but inaccessible.

What does it all mean? Is the clearest seeing really a glance, is a guess the surest knowledge? It is so in our human relationships, our most potent friendships. How much do we learn if we enter boldly, searchingly, into the heart of a friend, piercing the shadows with the flash of our inquiries, thrusting the underbrush aside in our rude advance? We may do this with a friend, with one who truly loves us. For love is the greatest force in the world, and anything but the wisest. It longs to be known to the uttermost, to open itself out, to give itself up; it asks no keener bliss than absolute surrender. Therefore we may enter at will and rend the meaning of a friend's life into little pieces, and study each one—and, oh! what a pitiful, helpless chaos shall we thus contemplate!

True, that curious trait which we have just discovered exists; it is an element in our friend's nature. But it never operates without that other, and still that other, characteristic; we must not consider it alone. We must hardly consider it at all. Consideration is an angel only when each offending Adam turns it loose on himself. Avaunt, thou pryer, thou intermeddler! Out of the woods! Away! Then, at a distance, after a while, turn and look back and wait. It is wonderful what a gracious change comes over the edge of the wood, relieved of our blundering presence. The rough, uneven ground smooths itself into velvety sward once more, the brambles withdraw, and gradually the poetry comes back, the beautiful, hovering, vanishing meaning, lurking within the shadow and flitting in and out among the trees. Which is the real life? Who can doubt? Reality is no affair of one bramble or one swamp, or even of one summer glade or one hermit thrush; it is a spirit compounded of many elements, warring, agreeing, blending only when viewed at a reverent distance.

Life is full of a multitude of edge-of-the-woods experiences. We are constantly pausing and holding the breath in the presence of something swiftly divined, above us, beyond us—a strain of music, a glimpse of a face with its soul in its eyes, a revelation of pathos or humor which we had not expected. It is well to be ever on the watch for these occurrences. They do not announce themselves, they seem rather to take all pains to conceal themselves, so that it happens that they may be missed rather more easily than not. Therein lies a part of their value to us. They demand alertness and sympathy of us; they need our cooperation. Like Emerson's "Days," they give no sign, but leave us to deal with them as we will; and all too often it happens, alas! that we, too late, under their solemn fillets see the scorn. "Diadems and fagots." Yes, diadems in very truth. The fullest of self-disclosures are made in fleeting and indirect revelations, more or less unconscious.

It is a terribly lonely business, of course, to be condemned to this signal code of

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communication; but nobody has ever yet denied the loneliness of human life.

"Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*."

"The irresponsive silence of the land,
The irresponsive sounding of the sea,
Speak both one message of one sense to me:
Aloof, aloof, we stand aloof."

Thus two poets among many. But we are less alone when we submit to the fragmentary and vanishing habit of our destiny in this matter of intercourse than when we rebel and wrestle with it. Two friends may possess one another in thought and silent darting intuition, to whose exquisite relationship a closer pursuit would mean loss and destruction. One is not alone when the thrill of a friend's love reaches one through an averted glance.

After all, our whole earth stands aloof on the edge of the woods. There is nothing complete, nothing absolute, about our mortal ways. Perhaps by and by a more thorough method may be vouchsafed us, but just at present our surest understanding lies in hints and surmises.

Beautiful, distant edge of the woods, do I not know you in very truth, watching the summer day wheel its slow course of change over you? In the cool morning I know how the dew lies in the long shadow that stretches down the dropping hillside away from the sun; I know how the stir of life awakes among the birds and flowers. Later, I see the noonday heat beat back the shadow, shrunken, diminished, flying for refuge in the parent wood; the very grass glows and warm fragrance loads the failing breeze. Then the long day wanes, and the mellow light strikes under the branches—farther, farther—I can look in now, but still I cannot see what I seek. When the sun has set, the shadow comes back and claims all the hillside; and then it is—just when the hope of discovery would seem to be over for the day, just when the hour is least propitious for investigation—then it is that the wood comes nearest to revealing its shy wild spirit, then it is that the poetry hovers almost visibly. No blank shade is that under the trees, but a living gloom, vibrating with meaning, full of a thousand presences only just withheld from revelation. One catches the motion of the leaves where they have just gone by, one hears the stealing echo of their laughter and their solemn hymns. Does one not know them? Oh, indeed, one knows them better than the shapes that pass along the valley road as one sits meditating thus; one knows them best of all dear things in this elusive world. The edge of the woods is the natural home of the spirit.

THE LAMP-LIT PATH

BY MARIE HEMSTREET

O golden gate of Arcady,
Where Love waits at the portal,
And of sweet herbs and summer joy
Distills a cup immortal!

O evening peace of Arcady,
Where silver silence lingers,
And mystic scrolls upon the wall
Are writ by shadow fingers!

O iris-haunted Arcady,
With lilies whitely glowing
Along the little lamp-lit path
That speeds my homeward going!

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OVER BEMERTON'S

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER IV

DESCRIBING MR. AND MRS. DUCKIE, ALF PINTO, BEATRICE, AND ERN

MRS. DUCKIE has only one fault. Her virtues are many, chief among them an almost fervid cleanliness, displaying itself in the spotlessness of the rooms and an affection for fresh towels that is Continental—certainly very un-English. She believes, too, in open windows, to a point inconceivable in a retired cook.

But she has a fault, and that is talkativeness—more than talkativeness, for she spins a kind of gummy web of words from which the listener, unless he is more ruthless than I can be, has the greatest difficulty in disentangling himself. The law of association governing her mind, as it does that of so many feminine talkers, one thing leads to another. To me, who have nothing to do—who am out, so to speak, for no other purpose than to occupy a stall in the theater of life and watch the play—this does not matter very much, and I have already learned the trick of listening with one ear only, and making by a natural reflex action the expected sounds due from common politeness; but I can imagine it driving another and busier man mad, and I wonder what Mr. Dabney's short way with her is.

Mrs. Duckie's family consists of three children and a husband. They are quite prosperous, for two of the children, now grown up, keep themselves, and Mr. Duckie does well enough as head waiter in a Fleet Street chop house of the old type. The eldest son, indeed, more than keeps himself, for he has latterly become a celebrity and earns the income of at least an Under Secretary—almost that of the President of the Local Government Board, to whom I have no doubt he has in his time made many successful sarcastic allusions. For Herbert Duckie (to give him his baptismal name) is a music-hall singer.

The mild syllables uttered over the child by the curate at the font some five-and-twenty years ago are, however, unknown to London, on whose placards Herbert Duckie figures more provocatively as Alf Pinto. Of this pseudonym his mother is rightly proud, for there is more in it than meets the casual eye. Much thought went to its architecture, Alf standing not only for an abbreviation of Alfred, but signifying also a moiety, and Pinto being pronounced humorously by the initiate with the "i" long—thus convivially suggesting a measure of the national beverage. The joke is not original, I fear, for I remember it in a delightful travesty of poor Ouida; but it seems to have been genuinely evolved afresh by young Duckie and his friends.

His father and mother are naturally proud of him, for, in addition to his fame and his considerable salary, he has the kindly filial habit of driving up to the house on fine Sunday afternoons in a dogcart and taking some of the family noticeably in it to Epping, or the Welsh Harp, or Richmond.

Mrs. Duckie's attitude to her gifted son is reverential and wondering. She is proud of his shining gifts and success, and perplexed at his possession of them; although, as she says, it comes from her side, grandfather being that musical, and her Uncle Will a terrible one to notice and make jokes.

How true it is that honor can come from our friends quite as much as from our personal attainments—often, perhaps, more. Dollie Heathcote, I feel sure, has hitherto looked upon me as a harmless old buffer, hopelessly out of date, but amiable enough, and possibly a person to be conciliated in view of my kinship with his chosen family. But when, one evening at dinner, I asked him casually if he knew Alf Pinto, respect for me began to grow, and when I went on to say that I had met Alf Pinto and conversed with him, he was at my feet.

"Not *the* Alf Pinto?" he said. "Not the man who sings 'He isn't so pleased as he was'?"

"The same," I said.

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He asked me feverishly how I knew him, but I am not quite so green as that. If I told Dollie that Alf Pinto was my landlady's son, all, or nearly all, the gilt would be off the gingerbread. So I made a mystery of it, and the young gentleman went off to a dance baffled but still reverent.

He did not, however, go before we had arranged an evening together at the Frivoli to hear Alf and other stars; and also not before I was able to enlighten him as to the true esoteric pronunciation of Alf's name.

"I notice," I said, "that you call him Alf Pinto. Isn't that rather a confession of weakness on your part? I thought you were in the very innermost and most knowledgeable know."

Dollie looked (for him) abashed. "Why, what do you mean?" he asked.

I then explained the mystery.

"By Jove!" said Dollie, "that's clever! It's one of the dodgiest things I ever heard. 'Alf Pinto'! Ripping!"

He went away in a taxi, rolling the morsel of wit on his appreciative tongue.

The other Duckie children are Beatrice and Ern. Beatrice is twenty-two; Ern is thirteen. Beatrice is also connected with the footlights, being dresser to Miss Azure Verity, the actress who is just now drawing all London (as we say) to the Princess's to see her in the part of Selma Origen in Mr. Operin's new play.

I sometimes wonder what Mrs. Duckie would make of Browning's lines—

"Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper 'Beatrice'"—

for to her proud maternal tongue this beautiful name is a dissyllable—Be-trice; and of Be-trice's intimacy with Miss Verity I hear much every morning, together with quotations from that lady's conversation, and tales of her successes with society.

Be-trice also, I find, has abandoned her patronymic. In the profession to which she belongs so completely as to feel entitled to refer to our leading actresses by their last names only—on the first occasion on which we met she spoke casually of Terry, thereby meaning, to my horror and shame, the incomparable Ellen—in that profession Be-trice is not known as Miss Duckie, but as Miss Lestrange.

As for Ern, he is a healthy young London boy, with all its skepticism and slang at his fingers' ends. Mrs. Duckie wants him to be a civil engineer; Mr. Duckie believes in trade, and fancies among trades none so much as that of the butcher. "An engineer," says Mrs. Duckie, "is more gentlemanly." "But," says Mr. Duckie, speaking with experience, "whatever happens, people must eat; the last thing they give up is their victuals. No doubt," he says, "engineering is useful; but look at the money it costs to learn it, and look at the competition afterwards. Whereas I can get the boy into a first-class butcher's to-morrow, and what's more, I can be of use to him myself. How could I help him in his engineering? But though I say it as shouldn't, there isn't a better judge of a steak, point or rump, or a chop, mutton or pork, than me in London."

Ern himself, I need hardly say, is opposed to both callings. At present he has but one ambition, and that is to be a shover. His only real employment so far has been parcel-packing for Mr. Bemerton on the few days each month following the publication of his catalogue. Great days downstairs, I can tell you, and sometimes twenty telegrams in a morning.

I have now described all the fauna of Bemerton's except one—the waterman—who, however, does not come indoors, but lends redolence to the exterior. The waterman tends the cab rank, and incidentally runs errands for the neighborhood. London is rich in such wastrels, whose career is all behind them. They have no doubt begun reputably enough in this or that trade, drifted into the drink habit, and steadily filed through one employ after another until they have nothing left but the street corner when they are out of pence, and the public bar when pence come their way.

This man alternately drinks and shivers. His clothes are thin, useless things in which he wraps himself. He stands at the corner and beats his arms; looks up each street; walks a few steps; exchanges the time of day with a cabman; and disappears into the "Goat and Compasses" again.

One of the enduring problems to the

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social observer is, Where do poor men find so much money for beer? When it comes to that, I suppose that the basic question of civilized life is, How on earth can the Blanks afford to live as they do? But the riches of the poor are only a little less astonishing than the riches of one's neighbors. This man seems to be dependent for his earnings on the good-nature of a few cabmen and very infrequent employment by the residents of the neighborhood. I, for example, have given him odd tips for fetching me taximeter cabs. And yet he seems rarely to want the means to realize his one remaining and—considering how little he can have to remember with joy, I must confess—exceedingly reasonable ambition, which is to keep fuddled. When all is said against alcohol, there remains the unassailable fact that it is the poor man's best accessible anodyne. The poet's line—

"Let us be drunk and for a while forget,"

contains the whole philosophy of intoxication.

Possibly the landlord of the "God encompasseth" is lenient with him in the matter of payment, for the waterman is certainly the cause of much forgetting in others. For with all his ruined air and deplorable condition he seems to be a companionable man. He has popularity in his way. Men at work he watches with extraordinary intelligence and camaraderie: no robin by a woodshed does it better. And he seems to know what to say to them. When the road was up for new electric wires, he was the life and soul of the party. I should not be surprised if he was the best after-breakfast talker in London.

He is always cold and manifestly a sick man; but he has that wonderful gift of the London idler of never being so ill that it is necessary to stay at home. Home, do I say? It is a word which, we are too often told, the English have and the French, to their eternal loss, have not; but I should not like to see the inside of the waterman's sanctuary. It is perhaps wiser to be careful how we pity the French. I have seen his wife; for she brings him dinner in a bowl—a dispirited, broken woman. But his children? It is too horrible a thought.

CHAPTER V

MR. DABNEY OF "THE BALANCE" LETS HIMSELF GO

I had not long been over Bemerton's when Mrs. Duckie knocked at the door to ask if Mr. Dabney, the gentleman upstairs, the gentleman on the press, might have a few words with me.

Of course I said yes, and in a minute or so he came in—a man of the ordinary age in London just now, clean shaved, with prematurely gray hair, a slightly discontented expression, and a sensitive, critical mouth.

He made the usual apologies that a well-bred man makes to a stranger with whom he intends to be friendly, and attributed his visit to a remark of Mrs. Duckie's to the effect that I had been living in Buenos Aires since 1875 and had only just returned. "It seemed to me," he added, "that to an observant man London and the English generally must, after so long an exile, present many changes, and I thought you would perhaps allow me to ask you a few questions about your impressions for an article in my paper."

I said that provided my name was not mentioned I had no objection whatever, although I doubted, etc., etc.; but I might, as it happened, have spared myself that excursion into conventional false modesty, for I soon found that Mr. Dabney had no real intention of interviewing me at all, but only wanted the stimulus of my experience, or the excuse of my mere existence, to interview himself. As he talked on I wondered if that is the way that all interviews by the more capable and thoughtful journalists are done. May be.

His paper, it seems, is The Balance, a weekly critical review which he runs almost single-handed ("Everything that means anything," he says, "is done by one man"), the financial backing coming from a source which he said he was not in a position to reveal, to me or indeed to any one. The Balance has a circulation of less than two thousand; but, as Mr. Dabney says, every one who counts has to read it. Its aim is to be sane, impartial, and fearless (the aim of all of us), and Mr. Dabney really believes that it achieves this end; but his mind, I should

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say, with all its vigor and acumen, though naturally inclined to justice and courage, is about as capable of impartiality as a prize-fighter is capable of metaphysics.

None the less, Mr. Dabney's paper, which I have since studied carefully, makes the right effort, and it comes as a corrective to the party organs that can see no good in any Bill brought forward by the other side at any time, and particularly so when it chances to be a measure promised vaguely by their own.

It is one of the least satisfactory thoughts that come to a reader of the papers that so many men with the gift of expressing themselves well and seeing fairly clearly into things should be so willing to adapt their intellects to the party machine. We are all, of course, born, as the poet says, Liberal or Conservative; but from journalists one expects a rather more complex psychology. We look to journalists to see a little farther not only into the future but also into the past than ordinary persons. Unhappily in England just now, as I remarked to Mr. Dabney, thus incurring his most vitriolic agreement, the type of journalist who seems to have most readers is permitted to be the least sagacious and the least independent.

Mr. Dabney is by nature a pessimist—so much so that one wonders what he would do if any of the reforms he desires were to come into force. He is one of those eloquent and clear-sighted men who must be in revolt to be articulate and well directed. He was for a long time leader-writer on a daily paper, but gradually found himself more and more irked by the necessity of expressing not his own views but his editor's. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he retired. The circumstance was recorded in the press in a paragraph in the ordinary way, and the very next day Mr. Dabney received a letter from a stranger asking him to prepare an estimate of the cost of a weekly journal that should represent his own views and contain also a sufficiency of acceptable various matter. He did so, on the most disadvantageous scale that even his pessimism could devise, and the next day he received a check for the first year's expenses and instructions to begin at once. Under such unworldly conditions was The Balance born.

"You say you left England in 1875," Mr. Dabney began. "Then you are now in a position to observe some very curious developments, for the changes in London alone since that date have been extraordinary. Our whole character seems to have undergone a revolution. We used to be economical, home-keeping; we have become gadabouts, pleasure-hunters. We pour our money into the hands of entertainers and restaurateurs. Remember, I speak of London. To what extent England resembles London I am not in a position to say. But London becomes daily more hedonistic, more atheistic. Plain living and high thinking are discredited. High living and low thinking have it all to themselves."

Mr. Dabney spoke with concentrated fury, through his teeth, as if I were the primary cause of this calamity. I believe that of all uncomfortable conversationalists (and the world is full of them) the most uncomfortable are those who would convert you to your own way of thinking.

This is Mr. Dabney's weakness: he conceives of all his interlocutors as heretics and antagonists.

"But to what," I asked him, "do you attribute this effect?"

"To too long a period of prosperity; to peace; and"—he almost spat the words from him—"to the modern press. The new journalism may not have produced it, but it has fostered it. Since you left England there has sprung up a totally new press—a press that does not dictate but flatters; that finds out what the mob wants and gives it them. A press without any mind—nothing but an infernal instinct for success. A press in the hands of young men in a hurry, without knowledge, experience, or conviction. Opportunists, improvisers, cynics."

"But surely there are good papers, too?"

"One or two. But it is those others that have the public ear. They are the true organs of the democracy."

"And yet," I said, "at the last General Election did not the popular papers lose almost every seat?"

"Ah!" he said, "that is so. But that is not, I fear, any proof of their want of

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influence generally. Political changes are deeper than that. The mob is moved politically never by opinions but always by personality. We don't in England vote for Liberals or Conservatives; we vote for men. Sentiment controls us. We vote for one man because we are sorry for him, for another, because we once met him somewhere and he was very pleasant; for another, because his father's horse won the Derby; for another, because his opponent is So-and-so whom we detest. In England we never accept any one as a simple fellow-creature; we must always fix not only an adjective upon him but some personal feeling. That is why papers lose their influence when elections are on. But at other times they can be steadily operative for good or bad, they can vulgarize all they touch or dignify it. The new press vulgarizes. Its gods are false. It knows no shame. When found out, it slavers. When chastised, it says, How charmingly you use the whip."

Mr. Dabney was now happy. His face shone—it might have been with the reflected glow of his molten words. He was the Savonarola of Fleet Street.

"Cynicism," he went on, "is not the only fault. A gross sensuality has also come upon us. A journalist should be something of an ascetic, a recluse; an observer from without. He should not be in the social machine; he should not know every one. How can you keep your hands clean if you know every one? His dress suit should be rusty; one cannot dine out without consuming salt, and by salt are we captured. Journalists now eat too much and too well. It was a bad day for England when a journalist first ate a plover's egg."

"Journalists, in short," I said, "should live over Bemerton's."

He grunted a short acknowledgment of my mild humor, and continued: "Every nation, according to Arnold, has the papers it deserves. That is true. The greater part of this nation, suffering just now from swelled head and swelled stomach and swelled pockets, has the paper it deserves. Cynicism and self-esteem run through everything. Christian of course we never were, and never shall be, not even in adversity; but we are no longer in the least afraid of God. We are getting nasty, too. We buy messy little indecent novels by the thousand, as far removed from honest British coarseness as the poles are asunder. We have given up respecting the Bible.

"I will give you an instance of our new cynicism, our carelessness. The other day, at one of the large music halls, a dancer appeared nightly in nothing whatever but a skirt of beads, and capered as provocatively as she was able round a waxen head. The dancer affected to be Salome, the daughter of Herodias, while the waxen head was intended for that of the decapitated John the Baptist, the forerunner, if I remember aright, of our Lord. This in a London music hall! The exhibition rapidly became the rage, and several other halls, in the usual slavish imitative way, had their Salomes too. Every one went to see and applaud the principal one, including the Prime Minister, who subsequently, to mark his especial approval, entertained the lady at 10 Downing Street. So far as I could discover, I, who am a professed skeptic, was practically the only person in London whose feelings were outraged. I call the incident deplorably significant.

"It seemed to me," Mr. Dabney continued, "sufficiently offensive that a sacred figure such as John the Baptist—a figure of peculiar sanctity to Christians—should be subjected to the indignity of taking part in a music-hall performance at all, amid knockabouts and comic singers and all the other seaminesses of those places; but it was far worse that English people of high position should flock to see it. For any head, you must see, would have done as well. The girl had to dance more or less naked to some waxwork property; that we will take for granted. Then why not the head, say, of Holofernes, who is only in the Apocrypha? The spectacle might then have drawn merely the Leader of the Opposition, but it should have served."

Mr. Dabney smiled a ghastly smile as he made his final joke and paused for breath.

"Were there no protests at all?" I asked.

"There may have been a few," he said: "I was exaggerating a little; but very few. Where were they to appear?

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A press that lives largely by advertisements does not lightly advise people to stay away from places of entertainment. Do you know," he added, "that my paper is the only paper in London that does not take advertisements? So long as there are advertisements there cannot be absolutely free speech. It is not humanly possible.

"You may say," he went on (but I had said nothing of the kind. I had, as a matter of fact, hardly opened my mouth: he had given me no chance). "You may say," he went on, "that we are not more cynical now than we were in the days of the Regency. True, perhaps. But that is what makes it so serious. Because since the Regency we have had eighty years or so of seriousness and steady improvement—the Victorian Era, with its fine political and intellectual and religious activity, its Reform Bill, its Tractarian movement, its Dickens and Carlyle, its Browning and Ruskin, its awakening to new ideas. To-day we are steadily going back on all that. We believe only in pleasure and success: our one ideal is wealth."

"Well," I said, for I was getting a little tired, and perhaps I was a little piqued too at the turn the "interview" had taken, "and what is the remedy for all this evil?"

"War," he said. "Nothing more or less. A bloody war—not a punitive expedition or 'a sort of a war'" (he quoted these words with white fury). "That might get us right again."

"At great cost," I said.

"A surgical operation," he replied, "if the only means of saving life, cannot be called expensive."

"But supposing we went under?"

"If we did, it would be better so. Then we should begin again in a new spirit. Loss would be gain."

"A very dreadful form of cure," I said.

"True. But not more dreadful than the decay that comes from complacency. A nation fighting for its life makes for me a finer spectacle than a nation overeating at a banquet.

"The most sacred and valuable treasure that the English have lost," he went on more gravely, "is the capacity for self-denial. The old figure of John Bull was never, to my mind, admirable. He not only looked too secure in his own wealth and rectitude, but too apoplectic. But he was a better national symbol for the English than the new John Bull that one would have to draw now were one a satirical artist with critical vision—a John Bull more like a Maida Vale Jew. John Bull grows materialistic and sensual. An anxious war would mend that. Set him fighting for very existence, and you will bring out his good qualities again."

"I don't agree with you," I said, "about war. Its horrors are too horrible. What I think we want is a saint."

"You won't get one," said Mr. Dabney, "and, besides, every saint has a bee in his halo."

"I don't know that that matters," said I. "It is the bees that do the work. The bee is often the most original part of the man's brain, just as the skeleton is often the only really living thing in the family cupboard. Most people are dead.

"The saint," I went on, "that England needs is a saint of extraordinary personal magnetism—a saint (as I see it dimly) whom our young men and women will follow in enthusiastic ecstasy; a saint—"

"A counsel of perfection," Mr. Dabney interrupted. "Will your saint begin as a curate?" he inquired icily. "Remember that a pulpit engaged in the struggle for existence is doomed as a friend. The Church to-day is too much represented by angry casuists in the Commons and anxious fathers of families in the vicarages; while Nonconformity has become largely the preserve of astute and prosperous journalists. One listens in vain for the unworldly voice.

"The most successful revival of our time," he continued, "had to be put frankly upon a gross material basis before it had a chance—General Booth's progress as a social ameliorator being marked by heartiness, shrewdness, and humor, much more than by any beauty of holiness; while it is free from any suggestion of pure sacrifice, since the *quid* offered for the *quo* is so splendid—happiness here and an everlasting crown to follow, in exchange for giving up merely a few oaths, merely a few debauches, merely a few blows on a wife's body.

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"England," he continued, "is still full of conscience, as it always will be; but its activities have of late become more and more altruistic. It is our neighbors that we have become so careful for, rather than ourselves. We spend hours in Boulter's Lock on Sundays meditating on the wisdom of keeping weaker vessels out of exhibitions on that day, and statesmen solve knotty points of the Licensing Bill over champagne at their clubs. Virtue we still consider the best goal for others; but for ourselves, success. Success is the new god, and will be, I suppose, for some time yet, so zealously is the altar flame guarded.

"I think your plea for a saint is very charming, but I don't believe in it. I don't think the English would know what to do with a saint if they found one. Wales might, and Ireland might, but not England. A saint, to work any kind of effect, must have an emotional, self-forgetting material to work upon. There is very little here. Sentiment we have, but not emotion. And we are too much afraid of the ridicule of the people next door.

"I have often amused myself by speculating on the probable reception that Christ would have were he now to appear in London. A character sketch expressing the profoundest admiration in The Daily Mail; his portrait in The Daily Mirror, probably beside that of public men whom he more or less resembled; a guarded leader in The Church Times; and in The British Weekly an appeal to Nonconformists not to lose their heads—yet—not until a little more was known.

"But now tell me," said Mr. Dabney, "what you have observed yourself. For it seems to me I have done most of the talking."

"Oh," I said, "my observations have not been so profound as yours. I have merely walked about the streets and seen the surface of things. Of that kind," I said, "the most noticeable change that has struck me—although it may, in common with all my other impressions, be sheer illusion—is the increase of sarcastic facetiousness. London has always, I imagine, indulged in this disguise of its real feelings—this armor, one might almost say, against fate—but the habit seems to be more diffused than I remembered. I think I discern also an increase of genuine cynicism, as indeed you have said—cynicism rather than pessimism, I should say; by cynicism meaning a natural acceptance of the ills of life without grumbling at them. The frame of mind comes, I suppose with you, largely from irreligion, materialism; but it has been fostered, no doubt, by the English climate. Not that the English climate has changed, but the English people, in their increased love of pleasure and pursuit of it, have come to think more of fine weather than they did, and, not finding it, have acquired a new bitterness. So at least it amuses me to fancy. For the increased love of pleasure is visible on every side."

Mr. Dabney agreed—very heartily, considering how little disapproval there was in my voice. As he seemed in danger of resuming his eager and caustic monologue, I hastily went on to say that I also agreed in the main with him, but was disposed to think that the worst of the case was confined to London, and that the great heart of the country was not cankered. "And even in London," I added, "I have noticed as I walked about quite a number of kindly deeds, indicating that good-heartedness and thought for others are still powerful here. I watch your fine fury that such things can be," I added, "and I hear of preachers lamenting the wickedness of the world; but I cannot share either passion. My wonder is that people are so good. I think that the courage and endurance and optimism of human beings are amazing. Nothing is done for them: the brave hopefulness with which they rise morning after morning is dashed by noon; but still they go on, doing their best. And the more skeptical we grow, surely the more is it to our credit to be brave and decent."

CHAPTER VI

MR. BEMERTON CONFERS UPON ME THE FREEDOM OF HIS TREASURY

I took an early opportunity of visiting Mr. Bemerton and introducing myself; not a difficult task with the Chinese treasure as a lever, while the way had been, of course, further paved by Mrs. Duckie, who, like most London matrons of her class, could pave the way to anything.

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Mr. Bemerton is a kind-looking man of about sixty, a bachelor. He is very short, clean-shaven, with silver-rimmed spectacles and white hair; an alert and contented man. He has been in the second-hand book business, he tells me, all his life, having begun as an errand boy at Sotheby's. He set up for himself thirty years ago, and has done well enough, never rising quite to a first folio nor descending much to remainders, but maintaining a steady mean between these two extremes. He has probably never read through a whole volume in his life; but he knows something about most. He has a knack of dipping which, had he been born an author instead of a bookseller, might have made his fortune as a popular scholar, and even now would qualify him for a librarianship almost anywhere. Libraries, however, he does not much esteem. People should own their books, he holds; but that, of course, is a counsel of perfection, or would be were it not for the multitude of reprints that are now to be had at the price of a cigar.

Mr. Bemerton's only sign of impatience or intolerance is displayed when he is reminded by customers of the cheapness of the modern reprint; but I must do him the justice to explain that it is not for an instant the result of any commercial self-protection on his part, for his soul is without clay, but the genuine distaste of the born explorer for a well-mapped country. What can become of book-hunting, he asks, if everything is reprinted in uniform binding for a shilling or sixpence? He does not often make an epigram—his mind is too candid—but he came near it when he said the other day that the test of a good book was that it was not reprintable in any series. "Let us pray," he says, "that the best things continue to drop through this net."

How a man who can afford a few shillings can read in a modern mechanical reprint an old book still accessible in its stout original honest paper and clear print, with the good smell of years about it, he fails to understand. "Do you know," he says, "that most of the books published to-day—and all the cheap ones—will have perished in less than a hundred years? The paper will fall to pieces."

I should say that not the least interesting part of his shop is the case in which he keeps those books which are too good to be reprinted for a shilling. What are they? Not for anything would I divulge their titles; but we know, he and I. The time has come for book-lovers to keep secrets.

Mr. Bemerton has had his triumphs; but he does not want them. He wants to progress smoothly in the middle way. Yet he has discovered two or three valuable MSS. which brought him some hundreds of pounds from English collectors and would, had he been willing to sell them to America, have produced ten times as much; and among his regular customers was Mr. Gladstone, who, when he was at No. 10 Downing Street during his last term of office as Premier, often looked in and always found something. It was almost impossible for a book to carry no association for that swooping, pouncing brain. He either knew it, or knew of it, or had always wanted to know it.

It was Mr. Gladstone who made the suggestion to Mr. Bemerton that booksellers should open at night. "The time for second-hand book-shops," he said, "is after one's work, not during one's work. I should like to stroll round this way after the House rose, even in the small hours of the morning, and spend a quarter of an hour by your shelves. So would most of the Members of both Houses. It would pay you."

"If you will announce it, sir, in a speech, I will do so," said Mr. Bemerton, and the great man laughed.

The last book that Mr. Gladstone bought was Hartley Coleridge's "Northern Worthies." "A good book," said he, "but it might have been better. Hartley would have written better had he been his father's grandson instead of son. He was too near."

Mr. Bemerton ventured to suggest that he was too near Wordsworth also. "Oh, no," said Mr. Gladstone. "He parodied him, and once he stole a leg of mutton from his larder, for a joke. That shows that Wordsworth could do him no harm."

Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Bemerton's trump card, but he tells me that Carlyle came in once, but once only. He bought Evelyn's "Life of Mrs. Godolphin" in Pickering's edition—to give, he said, to a foolish

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young woman; and he arranged with Mr. Bemerton to have it bound with the editor's introduction omitted. Mr. Bemerton says that after leaving the shop Carlyle returned to make certain that his instructions were understood. "Be sure to cut out the pipe-lights!" were his exact words. Rather hard on Samuel of Oxford.

Another customer was Mr. Locker-Lampson, who liked books to be slender and pocketable, but whose taste was a little too fastidious for Mr. Bemerton's shelves. Mr. Bemerton treasures an autograph copy of "Patchwork" which its author sent him.

Mr. Bemerton is assisted by his niece, Miss Ruth Wagstaff, and, according to Mrs. Duckie, it is well that he is, for as he gets older and less anxious the bookseller grows more soft-hearted and (Miss Wagstaff's phrase) soft-headed. "Plenty of soft-heartedness and soft-headedness about her, I don't think," says Mrs. Duckie in the London sarcastic idiom. But this is not doing that young lady justice. Her heart and head are both good, but she feels a responsibility thrust upon her by reason of some of her uncle's unworldly tendencies, and this lays a consequent over-emphasis on her natural practical business aptitude.

I have always had a respect amounting almost to reverence for the name of Ruth, although none of that more intimate feeling which would lead me to wish it to belong to any of my own people; I have also always felt that among names which exert any influence upon their bearers, Ruth stood high. Ruths should be quiet, wise, sincere, and, if not positively beautiful, at least comely and pleasant to look upon. Miss Wagstaff has shattered this poor little fabric of sentiment. Sincerity and candor she certainly has in some abundance, but she is not wise except with the destructive wisdom that London imparts to her children, and she is neither beautiful nor comely.

She sits at a little table surrounded by the best literature and reads penny novelettes, but her eyes and ears are never off duty. If a poor woman comes in to sell a book, Ruth is watchful to prevent Mr. Bemerton from giving too much. If a poor scholar comes in to buy one, she is equally alert to prevent Mr. Bemerton taking too little. At intervals she walks to the door to cast a glance at certain unprotected shelves or curtail the studies of the free readers. These are her despair: "They think it's a Carnegie library," she says with a toss. Some day I shall draw her attention to a little poem by Mary Lamb on this subject; but not yet. Courage may come.

The other member of the staff is Mr. Joshua Glendinning, who sits in a room in the basement for a week every month preparing Mr. Bemerton's catalogue. Mr. Glendinning is a British Museum Reading-Room hack who gets all kinds of odd jobs to keep him going, from copying sermons (on Fridays and Saturdays) to collating quoted passages in proofs and now and then correcting the Greek and Latin of a more fortunate but less scholarly literary man. He once, I learn, was not only a schoolmaster but had a flourishing school of his own; but the devil of intemperance, whose wiles for the overthrow of Christian reputations are permitted to conquer so easily, was too much for him, and he gradually and steadily lost all. The gentlest, simplest creature at heart, he now lives on a few pence a day in a Rowton House, wishes no man ill, save perhaps himself, carries a Times dated somewhen in 1893 protruding negligently from his pocket as if it were today's and he was a gentleman on his way to his stockbroker's (the harmless melancholy deception!), and sits every evening in the same corner of the same saloon bar tearfully imbibing gin and water and laying plans for the new career which will begin on the morrow.

"Then you don't want to sell me the Chinese book again?" said Mr. Bemerton, after we had exchanged a few generalities.

"No," I said, "certainly not;" and from Miss Wagstaff's table I heard what sounded like a sarcastic sniff deprecative of her uncle's insanity in suggesting such a transaction.

"Mrs. Duckie," said Mr. Bemerton, "tells me that you sleep badly. If there are any books here that you would like to keep by your bed, you are welcome to them. The only thing is, we should like to have them back in the morning." (So Naomi was among the prophetesses after all!)

I accepted the offer cheerfully, and

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promised that the daily restoration should be my first thought.

"For night reading," said Mr. Bemerton, "it was Mr. Lecky's theory—Mr. Lecky often came in—that books should be very nearly dull. But it's not very easy to find exactly the right thing."

"What would you call a nearly dull book?" I asked.

He looked round for awhile. "This," he said at last, and he brought me a volume of Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes." "It's good and sound, and now and then it's amusing, but it's often very small beer. There isn't a better bed book—or wouldn't be if only it was a little lighter to hold. The curious thing about it is that it is the one case known to me of an original book the best of which is all in the foot-notes. You take a volume and try."

The world is very small; the mistake is, of course, ever to have thought it large. While Mr. Bemerton was talking to another customer, and I was at his shelves making my hands very grubby (as only old books can) and my eyes very glad (as old books can almost more surely than anything else), I noticed the address on a parcel which Ern had just finished packing—"Miss Gold, The Cedars, Esher."

"Is Miss Gold one of your customers?" I asked.

"Miss Gold," said Mr. Bemerton, "is my best customer. She buys something from every catalogue, which is sent to her one post earlier than any one else. Do you know her?"

Do I know her? Miss Gold and I were once very nearly . . .

How long ago that was, and how different my life might have been! And now? I must certainly at once go to Esher to see her again.

(To be continued)

PUBLIC OPINION

FREE RAW MATERIALS AND THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER

As the work of Senator Aldrich and his associates upon the Tariff Bill progressed, it began to look as if the country was destined to be in the situation of the Irishman who went to the fair to sell his pig. As he was coming home a neighbor met him and inquired:

"Well, Pat, did you sell your pig?"

"I did," said Pat.

"And did you get as much for him as you expected to?"

"Sure, I did not," said Pat, "and, faith, I didn't expect to."

In the Aldrich Bill, at least, we did not get as much downward revision as we expected to. But then, if we knew as much about the ways of that Committee with the tariff as Pat knew about the ways of the fair with a pig, "faith we didn't expect to."

But now "I see be th' papers" that the President has announced his intention of insisting upon real downward revision in the Tariff Bill which he is to sign. Good for him! But there is one thing in connection with his statement which puzzles me. In all the discussions I have seen of this intention of his, it is said that the thing which he is interested in is to get "free raw materials"—free iron ore, hides, petroleum, and coal. I must confess I do not see in just what way free raw materials are going to be of benefit to the ultimate consumer (who, I take it, is the person for whose benefit downward revision is intended), if the present high duties on many manufactured articles are maintained. Of what advantage will it be to him to have iron ore on the free list if there is still a very high duty on the things which are manufactured from that iron ore—his typewriter, his wife's sewing-machine, his son's bicycle? The ultimate consumer does not use raw materials. He uses manufactured products. Is it the theory that if the manufacturer can get his raw materials cheaper he can sell his manufactured products cheaper? This seems reasonable. Undoubtedly he *can* sell cheaper, but *will* he? Is not the price of a manufactured article determined, not by the cost of production in this country, but by the cost of production in other countries plus the tariff? If the manufacturer can charge a high price for his product because he is protected from foreign competition by a high duty, why should he charge less because his cost of production is less?

I presume I have missed an important element in the consideration of the problem of free raw materials, but if so, I am only too anxious to be enlightened.

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In my inexpert opinion, the Aldrich Bill is immeasurably far from being a satisfactory revision of the tariff in accordance with the implied pledges of the Republican platform and the expressed pledges of Mr. Taft during the campaign. And I do not see how the putting of iron ore, petroleum, coal, and hides on the free list would do anything substantial to make it better.

But even if free raw materials are desirable as an antidote to some of the ills arising from too much protection, isn't it rather barking up the wrong tree to emphasize them as the thing chiefly to be desired in the present revision?

AN ULTIMATE CONSUMER.

Montclair, New Jersey.

We do not think that appealing for free raw materials is barking up the wrong tree. There are at least three good reasons for supporting Mr. Taft's contention in behalf of free raw materials in the new Tariff Bill: First, the downright Protectionist ought consistently to favor them, since the logical Protectionist asserts that the general economic welfare of the country depends upon the prosperity of its manufactures, and free raw materials of course would supply a great advantage to manufacturers. Second, the Free Trader ought consistently to favor them, because placing raw materials on the free list will be genuine "downward revision," and will exert a pressure towards future reductions of the tariff on finished manufactured products. Already the hide interests are saying that, if hides are admitted free, the tariff on boots and shoes ought to be reduced, a contention which apparently, and we think logically, meets with the approval of Mr. Taft. Third, if imported raw materials are admitted free, it will be a great help in preventing great manufacturing monopolies, by stimulating manufacturing competition in times of excessively high prices for manufactured goods. A case in point would be found in the position of a manufacturer who controlled the domestic supply of some material essential to his product, and desired to have a very high duty imposed on that material. If the importation of that material could be prohibited, or greatly restricted by high duties, competitive manufacturers could be driven out of business, and a much higher price could be exacted from the consumer. For these three reasons the ultimate consumer, whether he is in sympathy with the doctrine of Protection or the doctrine of Free Trade, should support the attempt to place raw materials on the free list. We repeat, we do not think that appealing for free raw materials is barking up the wrong tree. It is barking up one of the right trees: but there are coons up some other trees too.—THE EDITORS.

TRAINING FOR FARM LIFE

An editorial article appearing in the columns of a journal of such recognized character as The Outlook is accepted, almost without question, as to its statement of facts, if not wholly as to deductions, by a very large majority of its readers.

It is, I believe, a matter of no little importance to the publishers of such a journal to retain as fully as possible this feeling of confidence among their patrons.

In your issue of June 26 appears an article headed "The Martian and the Farm," which can hardly fail to undermine the faith of a large number of your best-informed readers as to your familarity with agricultural-educational conditions prevailing in our own country as contrasted with those across the international boundary to the northward.

Your reference to the trend of American common schools might have gone unchallenged ten or fifteen years ago, and to a certain extent may still find confirmation in some limited areas of the Eastern States, where farming has rarely developed to the dignity of scientific or profitable agriculture.

The States of the great Mississippi Valley have, however, for years past supported well-equipped and well-manned agricultural colleges—some of them independent of, others departments of, their great Universities; while many of the State Normal Schools have for a long time strongly featured this line of work, with the result that it is carried into the thousands of schools where graduates of these training centers take up the work of teaching. Nor does connection between sources of research and experimentation in farming, and the rural communities, including "the little red (or the white) school-houses" cease here. Professors and special lecturers from these institutions meet and talk to the farmers, their wives, and their children annually in from one to three convenient centers in almost every county in these great commonwealths. Their work, including the results of experiments at the State farms, the chemistry of soils and their fertilizers, fences, buildings, farm animals, dairying, etc., is all covered by the lecturers and made more practical by discussions among the farmers themselves. Hundreds of these farmers, old and young, take advantage of short special courses in agriculture and domestic science. These are given in midwinter, at the University, where all the necessary equipment as well as the inspiration of the regular classes adds interest and value to the work. The large classes of

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young men and women graduated from full courses in agriculture yearly are as leaven to the masses, and the general demand has compelled the earnest attention of school officials everywhere to the importance of the subject.

Your reference to the recent opening of Macdonald College of Agriculture at Quebec leads me to state that, beginning about a year ago, I visited every province of Canada, from Lake Superior to the Atlantic Ocean, spending five months in observing agricultural conditions and judging possibilities for the future.

Briefly, the result of my observation and study is that, with the exception of southwestern Ontario and some portions of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Valleys, the agricultural lands of Canada eastward from Manitoba are scattered widely, in small parcels, and hardly compare with what we term farm lands in the United States.

At Guelph, Ontario, has been the only important school of agriculture in these provinces up to the time of opening Macdonald College. It has a record of work well done and an influence among farmers over a considerable area.

It is not the equal in size or equipment of several of our American schools of agriculture, nor was I able to find where it connected noticeably with the rural schools. Its bulletins are not adapted to elementary instruction, and no text-books on agriculture are prepared for the boys and girls of the farming communities of Canada. In fact, their text-books, while varying considerably in the different provinces, are for the most part cheapened editions, slightly modified, of somewhat obsolete American publications, and printed in New York or Boston. They contain nothing that one would notice adapting them for the training of farm children rather than clerks or artisans.

Next in importance to the school at Guelph is that of Nova Scotia, at Truro. The New Brunswick School of Agriculture would not bear comparison with anything of similar character with which I am acquainted in the States.

Macdonald is new, and its influence for a long time will be limited principally to the Province of Quebec. Its mission is worthy. Let us wish it well. Should it succeed in placing the study of farming in the rural schools of Quebec, where the study of English has made practically no progress for two hundred years, Macdonald College and her worthy President should be awarded great honors.

Contrasted with these facts as to the relation of the Canadian Agricultural College to the Canadian public school, we, in the States, have at least a half-dozen texts on elementary agriculture, some one of which is used in almost every school. Two or three series of common school arithmetics seem to have been prepared expressly to fit the requirements of boys who are to measure and fence land, compute the cost of preparing the soil, cultivating and harvesting the crop, and arriving at an intelligent tabulation of net results from each department of farm activity.

In these books the future housewife is led to master the business of buying for every department of the home, and, with mathematical precision, to compound the ingredients for bread, cake, and pie, or to estimate the ribbon-trimming for her own or the children's Sunday home-made dresses and millinery.

State Departments of Education prepare and distribute outline courses of study in agriculture, and all teachers, save in the larger cities, are required to pass an examination in the elements of the subject.

Now, I should quite reverse your statement, and say that what we in the agricultural regions of the United States have been doing for nearly a score of years Canada is beginning to think about. I may qualify somewhat as to Guelph, which, though small as compared with some of our American agricultural colleges, has been doing a good work for those who have taken advantage of her courses. She has trained a few American students, and even some students from abroad.

I am willing to give Canada, or any other country, full credit for anything accomplished along lines so important to her people; but, knowing that the facts do not warrant the inference you have drawn as to delinquency in our American schools, or the statement that "Canada is beginning to do systematically what we in the United States have been doing spasmodically and fragmentarily," I do not feel that you should go unchallenged.

Like every important advance in civilization, scientific farming requires the education of several generations. Much has been accomplished, and to those who have struggled thus far, making the foundations strong, there dawns a future realizing many of their cherished hopes. DELOS H. SMALLEY.

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

THE AUTOMATIC FARM

In the July Magazine Number of The Outlook I notice an article, "The Martian and the Farm," in which the idea of agricultural instruction in the country schools is made very prominent. I wish merely to

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express my ideas on the subject and not to antagonize any one. I can see no more reason why the country child should be taught agriculture than why the city child should be taught how to run a bank or be prepared in the public schools for any one of the professions. It seems plain to me that the public schools are intended to give the young a practical education to prepare them for life, not to prepare them for any particular work in life. It is not the business of the public school to prepare its pupils for the farm any more than for any other work in life. But, granting that it is, why not prepare the city child as well as the country child? Is it right to tax the community in general to instruct its children for work and life on the farm, when many of the patrons and many of the children themselves would prefer general instruction? when many of the children are plainly adapted to other work?

There is no more reason why a farmer's child should become a farmer or receive instruction in farming than why a lawyer's child should become a lawyer and receive instruction in the law in the public school.

I am in earnest in this matter. I think that the demand for more people to work on the farm and produce what is needed to feed the people has blinded many people in this matter, and, in looking about for some means to bring about the desired result, they have hit upon the public school and have come to the conclusion at once that this was the place to commence work. In all my reading on the subject I have never seen a word in protest. I am a farmer and live in the country; I have no children, but I very strongly object to forcing a boy or a girl to farm or live on the farm if he or she objects to farm life. The money that supports the public school comes from all the people that own property in the district, and is it right for the school officers to spend this money to educate farmers, when many, perhaps all, of the property owners in the district do not care to have the children receive instruction along that line any more than any other line, or perhaps not as much?

I believe that the farm is able to take care of itself. When farming becomes so pleasant and attractive and profitable that it attracts, then people will begin to come from the city to the farm. But as long as the city is considered more attractive, they will go there and stay there in spite of all the education to the contrary. If the Government really thinks it necessary to try to induce more people to stay in the country, let it increase the attractions of the country by increasing the number of rural free delivery routes and perhaps building telephone lines through the country and in other ways adding to the attractions of the country.

WILLIAM HALSTEAD.

Sumner, Nebraska.

In the old days, when industry was distinctly individualistic, the child received a practical education at home, which in these days, when industry is more socialized, he does not receive. Without this practical education the mind of a boy or girl becomes one-sided. There is nothing essentially more intellectual about the training of the eye through reading than the training of the hand in making an ox yoke. Both processes are intellectual processes. Since the boy at home does not receive the one kind of education that his father used to get, he ought to receive it at school along with the other. It does not very greatly matter how he gets it so far as he himself is concerned. The boys in the cities are receiving it through manual training and certain commercial studies. The boy in the country ought to get it by means that are right at his hand, in the laboratory of the garden and the field. Moreover, the training that is supplied by practice in agriculture is the best kind of practical training. Whether the boy who goes to a country school becomes a farmer or not, he certainly deserves some other kind of education than that which pushes him toward small clerical positions in the city. It is because the city child is taught, perhaps not how to run a bank, but how to do a good many things that subordinates in banks are expected to do, that the country child should be taught at least some of the rudiments of the agricultural industry with which he is surrounded. We do not believe that many farmers, by the way, will agree with our correspondent when he says that the farm can take care of itself. We should have more efficient country schools if the people of America in both city and country are to learn that agriculture calls for the very highest kind of ability.—THE EDITORS.

THE CAUSES OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES

In the number of The Outlook for June 19 there appeared a communication on the above subject by Thomas D. Christie which is misleading. The undersigned, who has known Dr. Christie for the last fifteen years as a friend and former student, cannot help expressing his disappointment and surprise at the way he has missed the mark in attempting to explain the origin of the massacres. The fact that the article in question was written during the confusion resulting from the horrible events

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may explain why Dr. Christie gives undue importance to minor factors and only mentions in passing the real cause.

The reader of Dr. Christie's article will get the impression that there were three factors which caused the massacres: that is, the Moslem fanaticism, the Armenian revolution, and the freedom to buy firearms. But a careful analysis of this same article will show that, after all, these were not the real causes. It will be shown later that Mohammedan fanaticism was not the cause of the massacres; it only furnished the means. The freedom to buy firearms cannot be considered even as a factor in the origin of the massacres. The Mohammedans of Turkey have always been armed. Besides, they did not need to have firearms of their own, as the Government supplied them just before the massacres with Mauser rifles and plenty of ammunition.

To show that the Armenian revolution had nothing to do with the massacre, we have only to say that there was no such thing as an Armenian revolution. Dr. Christie has confused the movement among the Armenians to arm themselves in order to defend the Constitution with a revolutionary movement which did not have existence at the time. The false theory that the Armenians were arming to start a revolution was invented by the enemies of the Constitution in order to bring about the massacres. The Armenians armed themselves because they knew that the vast majority of the Moslems in Turkey were Old Turks who would some time or other try to overthrow the new régime. They further realized that any attempt to establish the old régime would be accompanied by atrocities similar to those of 1895; therefore they prepared themselves for this emergency as well as they could under the circumstances. This policy was amply justified by what happened during the Adana massacres.

It must be stated to the credit of the Armenians that they forgot the terrible years of 1894–6 and the centuries of ill treatment at the hands of the Turks, co-operated with the Young Turks during the revolution of a year ago and since, and became more enthusiastic constitutionalists than the Young Turks themselves. They would be willing to forget even the horrors of Adana if they only could hope that this will make the path of a stable constitutional Ottoman Empire any easier.

The statement of the Turkish official which is quoted by Dr. Christie gives the most concise and correct view I have heard so far of what caused the Armenian massacres. Apropos to the escape of the Adana province from the massacres of 1894–6 this official is reported to have said: "We are waiting for the hive to fill up with honey; when it is full, and the opportunity comes, we shall do as we have done in other places." The whole situation is given by this statement in a nutshell. Notice what it says: "We are waiting . . . to do as we have done," further "when the opportunity comes." It is well known that the Moslems of Turkey have always "waited" for the opportunity to satisfy their thirst for the blood of the Giaours. They are always ready to loot, to burn, and to defile the Christian homes. But it is not generally understood that they cannot satisfy their fiendish desires without the permission and the co-operation of the Turkish Government. This constitutes their opportunity, without which they could "wait" for generations without being able to indulge in the greatest pleasure they are capable of conceiving.

In deciding whether the freedom to buy arms or any other event caused the massacres, we should consider whether the absence of these incidents could have averted the horrible atrocities or not. In 1895 there was no freedom to buy arms, yet the massacres raged practically all over the Turkish Empire, from Constantinople to the Persian frontier.

A great number of facts can be cited which would remove the last trace of doubt as to the real cause of the massacres, but for lack of space we will be satisfied with quoting the statement of Enver Bey, the hero of the Young Turk movement. Speaking of the Adana massacres, he said: "Those movements are not self-instigated. They were desperate attempts on the part of the reactionists to bring about a foreign intervention and to crush us. The orders for massacres were sent from Constantinople, from Yildiz Kiosk. Such attempts will no more be possible."

Our conclusion, therefore, is that massacres in Turkey have always been planned and carried out by the central Government, that without the permission of the Government massacres are not possible in spite of the fanaticism of the Moslems in Turkey, and that the Government should be held responsible for atrocities such as have occurred in Adana.

H. M. DADOURIAN,
Instructor Yale University.
New Haven, Connecticut.

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The New Chicago

by George C. Sikes, will be a leading feature of the September Magazine Number of The Outlook. This article will describe the elaborate plans of the Chicago Commercial Club for the beautifying of their city, and will be elaborately illustrated with paintings by Jules Guérin, one of these being reproduced in four colors for the cover design.

Mrs. Humphry Ward

and her works are the subject of another very attractive feature for September. The author, C. S. Olcott, gives a delightful intimate study of the author of "Robert Elsmere," showing her personality, home life, love of nature, and practical philanthropy. Many new photographs made for this article by the author will be used.

From Mesmerism to Christian Science

is the first of two absorbing articles by H. Addington Bruce on the extraordinary developments in psychotherapeutics; with many quaint illustrations and portraits.

Edward Verrall Lucas

who is widely recognized in England as a writer with many of the qualities of Dickens, contributes a delightful account of his experience at a great picture sale at Christie's, the famous London auction room. The illustrations are eight reproductions of famous masterpieces, in sepia.

The Budget and the Citizen

is the title of Mary B. Sayles's article on the Budget in New York City. It brings home to every citizen the importance of finding out how the city is using the taxpayer's money. It describes a remarkably efficient movement for good municipal government along new lines.

The Social Engineer in Pittsburgh

by Paul V. Kellogg, is a fully illustrated account of the work of the Pittsburgh Survey in "making a blueprint" of the living and social conditions in that great industrial center. An admirable object-lesson for other cities is here given.

Sonnets of Shakespeare

with an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie, are given a very artistic decorative setting by F. C. Gordon.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINE NUMBER

The Outlook

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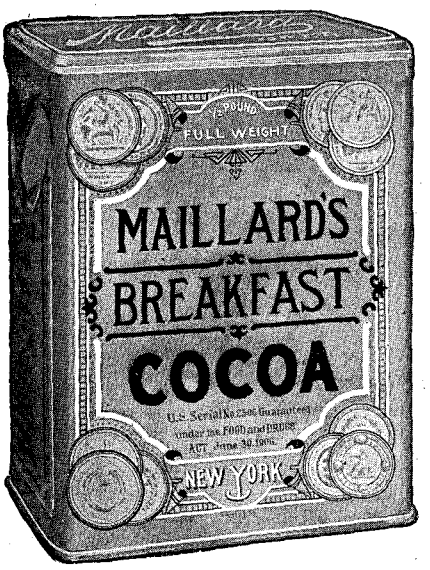

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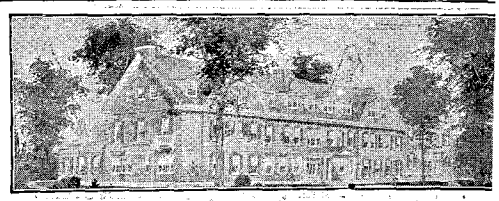

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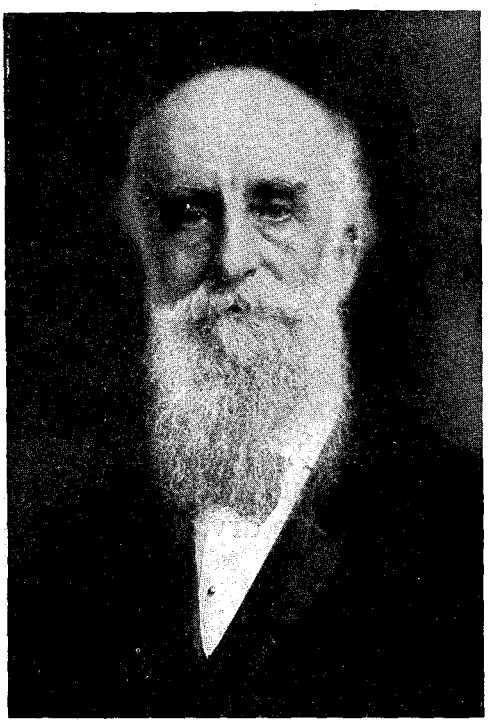

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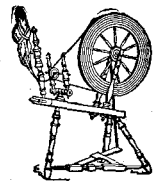

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